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RUMANIA RESOUNDS WITH PLOTS

Ferdinand and Marie Are Living in Semi-Retirement, While Bucharest, the Little Paris of the Balkans, Whispers Mysteriously and Every One Wonders Where the Errant Carol May Be

By SILAS BENT

BUCHAREST.

IN front of the royal palace on the Calea Victoriei horse chestnut trees are abloom. Lilacs and pansies and the purple iris are blossoming in the formal gardens of the lawn; but the palace, guarded by armed sentries, is deserted. Its queen, celebrated as one of the most beautiful women in Europe, is in partial eclipse, and King Ferdinand seemingly is content to leave to others the administration of his kingdom. The two are spending their days in the white-stuccoed Palace Cotrocani, a remodeled monastery just outside the city. Since the abdication of Crown Prince Carol, Marie has lived in semi-retirement. She was hard hit when her hot-headed eldest son foreswore his right to the throne.

Meanwhile Bucharest, the "little Paris" of the Balkans, stands astride the Dombrovitza with a finger at her lips. Whatever she does must be done mysteriously. Nowhere on the Continent do plot and counterplot run more thickly than here. Men meet and whisper in the shady side streets. Perhaps they are only gossiping, for men do not meet in the open to conspire; they foregather behind locked doors. It may be that this air of mystery amid the Moorish arches and minarets of the capital indicates only that rumor and conspiracy, as found in the Balkans, tend to parade themselves. But it may be that there are other men behind locked doors. The indications are that the currents run deeper than the streets.

Materials of Fiction Here

If the Graustark type of fiction were in fashion nowadays, this would be the place to write it. Here is the setting, all the materials are here. For "local color" the novelist would find Ukrainian birjars clad in astrakhan headdress and long belted coats, driving their trasuri through the streets, hissing to their horses to stop them when a passenger signaled, and standing in the seat of the carriage, with whip majestically aloft as a traffic signal. A squad of soldiers, three abreast and chanting the national air, swings jauntily past the Atheneul Roman. Gypsy flower girls beguile the passers-by. Transylvanians, Russians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Turks, Greeks throng the streets; and amid the motley multitude the better-class girls of Bucharest move in American shoes and Paris frocks.

For this Balkan capital is a juncture of Occident and Orient. Beside a Byzantine structure may stand an office building that would not be out of place in Kalamazoo. In Rumania's politics, as in its dress and architecture, there is a mixture of Eastern cunning and European suavities. One would not suspect that in this busy and populous city there is the most efficient secret service on the Continent, recorded partly from Russian emigrés, but chiefly from the Rumanian citizenry. One would not suspect that at the airplane landing fields and railroad stations vigilant customs officers confiscate even newspapers, lest all Bucharest learn what the outside world is saying about Rumania, her Queen, her abdicated Crown Prince, and the regency for Carol's 4-year-old son, anointed as Crown Prince in his stead. One would not suspect that newspapers which speak too freely are suppressed, nor that conspirators by the dozen have been nabbed and lodged in fortresses, nor that attempts have been made to assassinate the King. It looks peaceful enough. But there is a threat of trouble.

Queen Marie of Rumania and Her Grandson Michel, Recently Anointed Crown Prince in the Place of His Father, Carol.

It may be that the threat is empty; the little group which governs Rumania governs with an iron hand. It may be that Carol's abdication was empty, too. A European King, so I am credibly told, wrote not long ago to Queen Marie that primogeniture was about all that was left to royalty in Europe, and that Carol must be induced to resume the succession. By a coincidence a distinguished Rumanian jurist is authority for the statement that the Prince (now plain Citizen Carol Caraiman) cannot legally renounce, under the law of this land, his right to something not yet his; that he can forego his present title and perquisites, but that when Ferdinand dies the eldest son must succeed him.

As to the cause of the abdication there has been no full official explanation. That Carol's numerous loves had anything to do with it is extremely improbable. Such affairs are taken lightly in Rumania, and indeed throughout the Balkans. Liaisons are as common among the titled folk in this corner of the world as immorality is rare among the peasantry. In Puritan America this may sound scandalous; in the Balkans it is a cliché. The reason for the former Crown Prince's action, at any rate, went beyond his own deportment. The reason is to be found, it may safely be said, in the state of affairs at Bucharest and in the Government there.

The Government of Rumania is ostensibly parliamentary, a limited monarchy. Actually it consists of the three brothers Bratiano, the Patriarch of the Orthodox Church (Rumanians prefer not to call it the Greek Orthodox Church), and the Prince Barbu Stirbey, who is related to the Bratianos by marriage and who is in high favor with the Queen. Marie herself has a voice in State affairs; the King, who is past 60, knows well enough all that is going on, for he is a sophisticated and intelligent monarch and he offers, seemingly, no objection.

This situation finally got on Carol's nerves. Was he to succeed to a puppet crown? He is high-strung and imperious, and the story, as told in Bucharest, is that he wrote his mother an extremely rude letter. He gave her the choice, let us say, between him, her favorite child, and the others who surround her.

Prince Stirbey's Influence

Now, of the ruling group Prince Stirbey is the silent partner. He has influence at court, but he does not hold public office, as all three Bratianos have done. He is a colonel in the Rumanian army, but that is the extent of his public service. With one exception, all those to whom I talked in Bucharest agreed that it was Prince Stirbey's influence chiefly which prompted the Queen to accept her son's challenge, and she may have accepted in the belief that it was a bluff. But the Crown Prince stuck by his guns.

That is how it came about that Carol's son by the Princess Hélène of Greece came to be made Crown Prince. There is little likelihood that Ferdinand will live until the infant attains his majority, and so a regency, including the Patriarch, was formed to administer the affairs of the kingdom if need be. The regency either includes or represents the members of the ruling group.

Carol has his followers in Bucharest, and they were enraged at this procedure. Politics here is a personal thing, and the attacks in some of the opposition press were personal to the last extreme. Gregore Filipescu, owner of Epoca, printed a lampoon upon the Patriarch, "the Monk Miron"—for the Patriarch's name is Miron Christea—so indecent in its nature that it would have caused the suppression of any newspaper in the United States; and the offense was exaggerated, in the eyes of the governing group, by the fact that the verse represented the Patriarch as drinking "Stirby wine."

It is not good form to mention Prince Stirbey's name in connection with Rumanian politics, and the reference here was unmistakable. The Prince's extensive properties just outside Bucha- (Continued on Page 22)

THE DOOD WRANGLERS' ROUND-UP BEGINS

They Provide for Easterners the Illusion of a Wild West That No Longer Exists

Left—
A Thrill for "Doods"—and for Old-Timers, Too.

Right—
An Entry in the "Doods" Snapshot Album.

By WALLACE SMITH

IT was one of those fictional coincidences an author would hesitate to write into his book. It dovetailed too neatly to be realistic. Too much like one of those pat theatrical situations where a character—"Ah! here comes Archibald now"—makes his entrance as his name is spoken. In the end, perhaps, an author might write it. But he would surely hesitate about it.

For nearly a week Maverick Tod, Mullarkey and I had been riding, far off the tourist trails. Maverick Tod rode on the long hunt for that vanished yesterday, the West of his hilarious youth—a pursuit that has engaged the old-time cattleman since he struck oil and a fortune three years ago. I was along merely for the ride.

Maverick Tod spoke fondly of the departed buffalo:

"It's not that I hone for the buffalo to a point where it's pathetic. None whatever. I've always claimed Nature was only practicing when she designed the buffalo. It'd take a man with a heap of poetry in his system to figger any beauty in a round-shouldered critter with a hide like last year's doormat and a tail that by rights should be on a pig.

His Question Answered

"No, sir; if I grow melancholy whatsoever it is only because the buffalo was a symptom of the good old days—like the plug hat, the single-action revolver and law-and-order."

He went on. If the buffalo had accomplished anything he set forth, it was in being exterminated. As long as the buffalo was extant upon the plain the Indian had food and could make faces at the paternal Government. But as soon as the bison went into history and overcoats the redskin was forced to fall back on the reservation corral and Federal rations.

"Right yonder on the flat," mused Maverick Tod, "I have saw a herd of ten thousand buffalo. Where are they now?"

It was only a rhetorical question. Yet in response to it came a swift answer—and the embarrassing coincidence.

Out from behind a shoulder of low hill ran three shaggy buffaloes. They lumbered across our trail with that clumsy, lurching gait of theirs.

"Yip-yip! Hi—ah-h-h!"

After the buffaloes, on a bare-backed pony, rode a breech-clout Indian. As he raced in on the fugitives he bent close to his pony's neck and drew the string of his bow. He sent an arrow at the hump of the nearest animal.

It was incredible! Yet there it was. At the time I did not remark particularly the manner in which the arrow glanced, indifferently, from the buffalo's hump. There were too many things to remark just then, all at once. It is not a steadying experience to have fifty years of history suddenly slip out from under your horse's hoofs.

The historical perspective began to adjust itself.

"Yip-yip! Hi—ah-h-h!"

Another group of riders came around the shoulder of the hill. Riders in gay apparel. Iris-hued shirts. Tremendous sombreros of green, white, black and brown. Chaparejos of orange-dyed fur and jade-stained leather. Mad kerchiefs. Jingling spurs and ornate bridles. And cameras.

Cameras! Then we understood. These were "doods." Spell them "dudes" if you wish, but pronounce them "doods." That's the way it is done in the country where the dood is herded.

They took snapshots of the Indian and his pony. They photographed the buffalo, now calmly champing bunch grass a hundred yards away. I remembered how the arrow had deflected from its target. It was a blunted and padded shaft.

The man in charge of the party—they're called dood-wranglers—rode over to us. He seemed a little sheepish.

"We're showing 'em," he explained, "how the Indians use' to hunt buffalo before the coming of the white man. Cute, ain't it? We hired them buffalo from a circus. Tomorrow we're going to have a covered wagon picnic. Going to do a day's march like the hardy pioneers used to over the Oregon Trail. It's good business."

Maverick Tod was silent as we rode on. I spoke somewhat lightly of the business of dood ranching, which has become so great an industry in the West. I even quoted to Maverick Tod the dispatch of a sober news service from Washington, D. C. It reported quite an official statement, spoken before the House Public Lands Committee, to the effect that dood-wrangling has displaced cattle as the mainstay of many Western ranches.

More Profitable Than Cattle

A witness before the committee, himself a dood rancher, said that in Wyoming vacationists seeking scenery and recreation were more profitable and more easily handled than cattle, which need forage and a market. It was amusing to draw a picture of the entire West invaded by doods from the East—to dwell upon the statement of those in the dood-wrangling business that their industry actually supports many Western communities.

I spoke lightly of the business of conducting atmospheric Summer resorts and supplying an elaborate stage setting with the necessary actors in exchange for the dood dollar.

But Maverick Tod was not easily to be jarred from his revery. He was silent as we made camp. Not until he had performed that miracle of camp-fire cookery, good pan bread, did he show conversational symptoms. It was only after his first inhalations of a hand-rolled, brown-paper "cigareet" that he spoke.

"Which sometimes lately, amigo," said Maverick Tod, "you fail into the habit of talking almost entirely with your mouth. You use conversation for the purpose of uttering words, instead of saying something, as provided by an all-wise Providence. It is all right with me, because I savvy your little failings. But in front of strangers, son, your method might be reckoned light-minded."

Maverick Tod and I are very good friends.

"For instant, appertaining to these dood ranches," he continued, "you're flighty in the intellect. When we saw the redskin brother hazin' the buffalo this afternoon, I enjoyed illusions and sentimental reflections. Which if I feel this way, who personally use' to consider jerked buffalo meat as vitties and who now and then played hide-and-seek with hostiles, what do you reckon these Eastern doods enjoyed in the way of thrills and excitement of a historical nature?

"Suppose the buffalo are from a circus? And suppose we know that the offspring of Geronimo would be working in a alfalfa field if not drawing wages to pursue the bison with a property bow and arrow? It don't change the thrill a little bit. None whatever.

"You tell me these dood ranches have got billiard tables and swimming pools and steam heat. What of it? Do you suppose, in the old days, a cow-hand would've rode away in disgust from them modern refinements? If so, you'd better have your supposer overhauled and adjusted.

"No, sir; I rise up now, son, on my old hind legs and vote a unanimous resolution of thanks to the dood ranchers. For three years I have rode up and down the trails looking for sign of the West the way it use' to be—or the way I remember it use' to be. Sometimes we get sentimental, not to say downright sappy, over them days gone by.

"But I savvy a whole lot how the West wasn't in them days. And that is why my heart is often bowed down with woe, like the poet says.

"Which the trouble with the West these days is that it's too Eastern. It acts like it was ashamed of its past. Or like a smart aleck kid which has went to high school and looks down on the grammar and etiquette of his parents, which never enjoyed education in habit-forming quantities.

"If you mention that once upon a time the cowboy and the pioneer saloon keeper did their share to boost civilization for posterity, the West tries to change the subject. Veterans of them days, they call quaint old characters, and point them out to tourists like they was specimens in a mooseum.

"The West is too almighty eager to show the Eastern visitor that he won't miss any of the things he's use' to at home. And the sad part is—the Easterner won't. The West is imitating the East. It's a fair enough imitation. But why?

"All these Western towns begin to look as much alike as two derby hats. They talk about per capita tax and miles of paved streets. They build skyscrapers when they've got a whole county to spread a building over. They got commercial clubs and civic reforms and, by studying hard, they keep pretty well abreast of the fashions in Eastern cussedness. They're getting so's they can even talk about things in mixed company which would'a been considered shooting words in my time.

"It's getting rare to find a Westerner which knows which side of a hoss to get up on. They go in for this gowf game or any other pastime which is considered a excuse—as if anything could be—for wearing these knee pants like the pictures in New York magazines.

In the Good Old Days

"Call it the advance of civilization if you like, compañero mio. But we had a middlin' civilization in the old days, too. We didn't judge a man by his bankroll or whether his pants was made according to the latest whim of the tailors back east in Kansas City. We sized a man up more by could he set on top a hoss and how he acted in case of a bob-tail flush than did he use the knife to convey beans to his face. We didn't need boosters' clubs to drag a

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"EXPLOITED" CHINA WINKS SAGACIOUSLY

Americans Find That The Natives Can Match Wits With Them

By NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT

IT is now half a century since Brete Harte proclaimed to the world his discovery that "For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain the heathen Chinee is peculiar." Before that time and since many Americans have tested this proposition to their sorrow. In the last few years, however, since conditions in China have become worse than ever before, it has been the fashion to express pious pity for the shameful way in which the Chinese have suffered at the hands of the foreigners.

John Chinaman has been represented as a poor, credulous, oppressed person, slowly succumbing under the harsh tyranny of a foreign economic yoke. The picture appeals to the imagination. It fits in well with the familiar missionary tradition that it is our duty to carry the light to the benighted heathen, and it coincides with the modern catch phrases about the exploitation of backward peoples by capitalist imperialism.

A Practical Race

The Chinese, however, are a very practical race. They have been able to look after themselves effectively during the last 4,000 years and, furthermore, knew how to make two honest pennies out of one long before the ancestors of their present foreign sympathisers had risen much above the stage of barter and highway robbery.

In each Chinese individual is deeply ingrained the motto, "Look after Number One!" Not only have they followed this maxim when dealing with one another, but they have also in their trade with the outside world consistently managed to protect their interests.

Let us look for a moment at the history of America's early commercial ventures in China. Canton was the only port where foreigners were allowed to do business before the middle of the last century. It was approached through two barriers, Macao and Whampoa, in the former of which alone foreigners might freely reside. Those who went to Whampoa or through to Canton were confined either to their ships or to the "factories" or warehouses where the goods were stored.

Upon arrivial at Whampoa the ships paid excessive port charges. Thereafter until they left they were subjected to as many and as large demands as the officials thought they could get from the foreigners. The cargoes were taken over by so-called "hong merchants," who sold them and bought return cargoes. This, as Tyler Dennett points out in his admirable history, "Americans in the Far East," made things very simple for the trader who "was disturbed only by the thought that it was quite impossible for him to know the extent to which his payments for Government dues and services rendered were extortions unwarranted by law or evaded by his competitor."

Although a few of the hong merchants got into difficulties through granting too extended credits to American merchants, most of them were well able to meet the insistent demands of the Peking Government for tribute from the foreign trade and at the same time to fatten on the trade themselves. The Americans were absolutely at their mercy. That the trade was mutually profitable cannot be denied. But there is nothing in the records to show that the Americans, who were regarded by the Chinese as barbarians bringing tribute to the Celestrial Empire, gave the Chinese the short end of the deal.

A Business Street in Peking.

© Burton Holmes, From Ewing Galloway.

The Useful Comprador

In these days mutual profits are lower, but the foreigner is no less in the hands of the Chinese. The first thing that a concern wishing to open business in China usually does is to obtain the services of a "comprador," who is a combination of ambassador, credit man, messenger and merchant. The comprador's services are suitably recompensed. But it is the immemorial custom in China that every one participating in any business transaction shall get his "squeeze" out of it.

Furthermore, it is the accepted thing for a Chinese who is prospering to help his less fortunate relatives. As a result, when there are little commissions to be executed, these, usually unknown to the foreigner, are turned over to some one in the comprador's entourage. As the company prospers the comprador prospers, and all his family, for in buying or selling for the company he always manages to obtain a small commission for himself or his.

Suppose the foreigner is to stay in China for a while and wishes to start housekeeping. The comprador is an obliging chap and helps to find a house. He doesn't tell the foreigner that the particular house happens to belong to the uncle of his wife's sixth cousin, who does not consider it fit to live in. As a rule there are repairs and alterations to be made before the foreigner finds it to his taste—repairs which should have been completed forty years ago. These are done—for a consideration—and very probably by some relative or retainer of the comprador or his wife's sixth cousin's uncle.

Untiring in his anxiety to be of help the comprador then comes to the rescue in the difficult problem of getting a good "number-one boy," as the head of the domestic staff is called. This gentleman is usually under some obligations to the comprador, and between them they appraise, very accurately, the foreigner's income and decide how much of it he should pay for his living expenses. If he is a man of standing he will find that he has to have a large staff of servants.

For all his supplies he will pay prices which are so much in excess of the market that not only the butcher and grocer, who as a rule are relatives or connections of the "boy," but also the number-one boy himself and all the staff will obtain a substantial rake-off. Moreover, should the foreigners have wealthy visitors from home who wish to buy silks and curios, and should these objects be brought to the house, as is commonly done, the entire staff share according to rank in the 10 per cent. "squeeze" which the merchant pays the number-one boy on all the guest's purchases.

Experts in Passive Resistance

The question arises, why doesn't the foreigner definitely announce that he will not be thus imposed upon? Experience gives the answer. If, for example, four boys have been doing work which one servant would do in America, and the master decides to let one of them go, he will find that apparently the one he dismissed was the only real worker in the lot, for the three remaining will accomplish only about a quarter of what all four did.

The Chinese are experts in the art of passive resistance, and with patient resignation and silent unanimity they set about making the poor ignorant foreigner who has presumed to infringe the immemorial customs of the Celestial Land see the light. As the good book puts it, "Yielding

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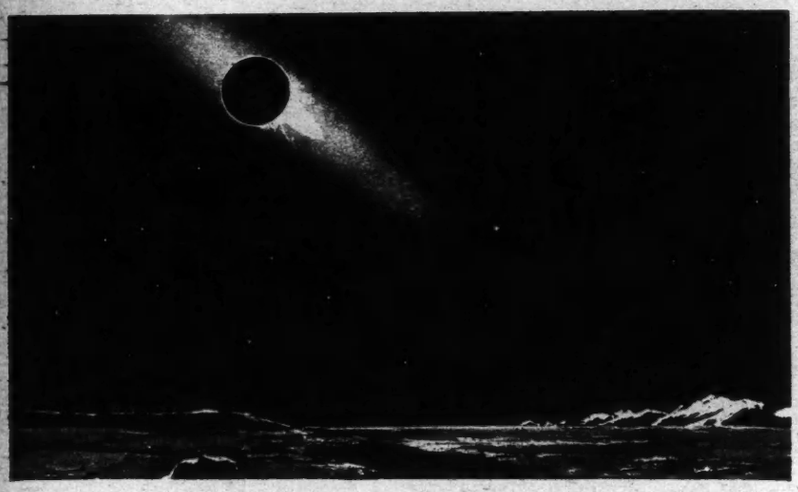
A Street in Canton on a Rainy Day.

© by De Cou, From Ewing Galloway.

MAN GETS NEW CLOSE-UPS OF THE MOON

Astronomy Has Made Such Progress That Luna Is Now Almost a Next-Door Neighbor of the Earth



An Eclipse of the Sun by the Earth.

By W. J. LUYTEN
of the Harvard Observatory.

NEARER and nearer the moon is brought to us. Though at a distance of nearly a quarter of a million miles, it seems almost within actual reach. The ancients saw the moon as it is, at a distance of 240,000 miles, and about as big as a 50-cent piece held ten feet away from the eye. Galileo, the first ever to look at the moon through a telescope, brought it down to 10,000 miles. Now viewed through the giant telescopes on the Pacific Coast, the moon appears no more than 100 miles away.

We can photograph the moon with extraordinary sharpness and clarity. The first lunar photograph was made by Dr. J. W. Draper in New York City eighty-five years ago and showed but little detail. We now possess complete photographic maps of the moon, made with the giant telescopes of the Lick and Paris observatories, giving great detail. With the 100-inch reflector at Mount Wilson photographs can be taken showing the moon's disc with a diameter of thirty inches (the actual diameter being 2,100 miles). This corresponds to a scale of one in five million. We can see as much detail on those photographs as on a map of the earth with a diameter of something over nine feet.

By using a magnifying glass we could distinguish things two miles high and possibly could see the shadows of the great pyramids or of structures such as the Eiffel Tower and the Woolworth Building. Astronomers are now almost as familiar with the "moonscape" as is an aviator with face of the earth.

What have all these recent advances in astronomy taught us about the moon? We have known for a long time, of course, that the moon has, practically speaking, no atmosphere. Whatever gas inhabits its surface is certainly more than a thousand times rarer than our atmosphere. The reason for this is that the moon, being so much smaller than the earth, and eighty times lighter, cannot retain the molecules of gas that are flying around haphazard in all directions. Its attractive force is too small. Only a few of the heavier gases, or those that freeze easily, such as water vapor, could remain. The moon may still have some small amount of water vapor in its atmosphere during its fourteen days of uninterrupted sunshine (the moon day) and of ice during the long moon night.

All the names on a map of the moon must be taken with a grain of salt. These names were given in an age when astronomers could do no more than look at the moon through a small telescope and decide which were the high mountains and which the low spots, the seas or valleys. The early astronomers chose names such as Ocean of Tempests, Pacific Ocean (Ocean of Tranquillity), Sea of Fertility, Sea of Clarity, Sea of Humidity. Nowadays such names are regarded as no more than astronomers' fancies; the moon has been dry for several millions of years, dry and dead, desolate and forbidding, unapproachable—but still beautiful.

The direct result of the absence of an atmosphere on the moon is the intense contrast it lends to the lunar landscape, making it more beautiful and majestic, and at the same time giving it a cruel and grim and almost savage aspect, entirely devoid of the softness that is so typical of most of our terrestrial landscapes.

For a long time people have not bothered much with the moonscape, declaring merely that it must be dull and uninteresting, since the things exposed to direct sunlight would be very brilliant and hot and those in the shadow black and cold, without any gradation whatever. Moonscape artists in the past thought it sufficient to splash some India ink on a sheet of white paper. The one thing they forgot when endeavoring to draw a typical moonscape is that the reflection from illuminated surfaces will be considerably stronger than on earth, because there is no atmosphere on the moon.

Lunar View of the Earth

A high mountain peak will reflect light sufficient to make some deep abyss alongside it glow with a pale and ghostly lustre. And we must not forget that the side of the moon that is turned toward the earth receives a great deal of light from us. As seen from the moon, the earth appears with a diameter almost four times as large as that of the moon as seen by us. The "full earth" has an area thirteen to fourteen times that of the full moon and gives eighty times more light. As a result, the landscape, horizon (which is very clear-cut and never hazy), and the firmament must be incomparably more beautiful on the moon than on the earth.

The magic of such a sublime view may well be overwhelming. Suppose that a being endowed with the same senses as ourselves could live in the ring crater Copernicus, one of the greatest of all lunar craters. Think what he could see! For him the earth is very nearly overhead, and, except for a slight swaying to and fro, it stays there forever.

In the course of twenty-nine days the earth goes through all its phases, beginning with "new earth," when it shines with but a pale bluish light, for at that time it is full moon on earth, and the earth reflects back a little of the moon's radiance. But, in addition, the earth will be seen rotating on its axis. The continents of Asia, Europe, Africa and the two Americas will be seen marching from left to right in a majestic and eternal procession.

The Copernican can see the sun rise and set every day upon the various parts of the earth. He can see giant storm clouds gather over the Mississippi Valley. He sees the enormous dark areas of the ocean and he can discriminate between the bright yellow Sahara and the tropical forests of central Africa and of South America. He sees the straight line of the Andes; the small compact block of the Alps, and the snow-covered mountains of Tibet, with the towering Mount Everest. But the greatest splendor of all resides in the two polar caps, which appear brilliantly white, alternately increasing and diminishing in size, following the seasons.

For two weeks he sees the sun, and for two weeks he is plunged in semi-darkness. Sunrise and sunset take about a day each. In the absence of an atmosphere, the sunset is entirely devoid of color. There is never on the moon the rosy glow of dawn; never a golden sunset in the west. Nor is the sky blue. It is perfectly black. What the sky lacks in color it makes up, however, in brilliance.

The "Apennines" of the Moon at Sunset.

Here on earth we have nothing to compare with the magnificent spectacle of the sun shining in a perfectly black sky, with all the stars around it visible at the same time, even when quite close to it. The corona, which earth astronomers travel thousands of miles to see, and which no human being can ever see for more than an hour during a lifetime, can be enjoyed on the moon for fifteen days at a stretch.

Though the moon can have no Aurora Borealis, it has always the zodiacal light—the strange glow in the shape of an ellipse that we on earth sometimes see after sunset or just before sunrise. On the moon it is visible, in full splendor, in broad daylight, traveling through the sky with the sun.

Imagine the beauty of the Milky Way under those conditions. If even here, on earth, the Milky Way, when viewed from a high mountain, is sometimes mistaken for a cloud, think how bright it will look on the moon. The brightest spots might almost cast a shadow. Thousands and probably tens of thousands more stars could be seen from the moon than are visible from the earth.

Total Eclipse of the Sun

Last but not least comes the total eclipse of the sun by the earth. On the moon this is not a matter of second or of minutes; it lasts several hours, during which time all light and heat from the sun are cut off completely. Darkness and intense cold descend. But the phenomenon compensates in grandeur. In the sky hangs the great black disk of the earth, appearing fifteen times as large as the sun behind it, and surrounded by a thin ring of rosy light; the earth's atmosphere. Beyond that a few streaks of light of the outer corona, and on two sides the ends of the zodiacal light.

Venus and Jupiter are both visible, casting their shadows; possibly also Mars, with its ruddy glow, and myriads of stars. It makes the earth-bound astronomer wish he could take a year off and cart his instruments up to the moon. The pictures he could get there would provide answers to a great many problems.

One thing the moon entirely lacks is sound. Without atmosphere, sound cannot be propagated, and the moon is plunged in eternal silence. The only music one could there record would be the music of the spheres, the song sung by the grand march of the heavenly bodies as they rise and set.

Because the moon is so much

A Crater in the Midst of the Lunar Plain.

The Pictures on This Page and the Next Are Drawings by Lucien Rudaux Made From the Latest Scientific Data. They Are Published Through the Courtesy of L'Illustration of Paris.

lighter than the earth, the force of gravity at its surface is very much less. Down here a stone falls sixteen feet in the first second, on the moon only about thirty inches. If we were on the moon we could jump much higher than here. It would be much easier to knock a home run. But we could not fly, because there is no atmosphere to support us.

The moon is much smaller than the earth; its surface, therefore, is much more curved, and as a result the horizon is very much nearer on the moon than it is on earth. We should find ourselves not only deaf on the moon, but also near-sighted. It would be perfectly possible to be in the centre of one of the great ring craters, such as Plato or Copernicus, and not able to see the great mountain wall around it. At most we should be able to see only a few of the highest peaks.

For us, who are observing from the earth, the ring craters form the most typical features of the lunar landscape. For inhabitants of the moon they might be very hard to recognize.

An Astronomical Tragedy

The one tragedy about the moon, astronomically speaking, is that it always turns the same side toward us. The other side of the moon has never been seen, save in imagination, by any human being. This is no whim of chance; it is a direct result of the way in which the moon was born. When moon and earth separated (or, as some would have it, when the moon was catapulted out of what is now the Pacific Ocean), both moon and earth were still in a liquid state—at least a state of a syrupy consistency—and possibly much larger in size than they are now.

As we all know, the attraction of the moon causes the tides on earth. The earth, of course, would, in turn, cause tides on the moon, if only the moon possessed oceans; but since it is all solid rock, we do not see any result now. In the first few million years after its birth, the moon was liquid, and we certainly got our money's worth in tides. Since the earth is eighty-one times heavier than the moon, you cannot well imagine what a terrific tidal wave it then produced on the moon.

Thus, while the moon, rotating on its own axis, was quietly going around the earth, the earth persisted in producing "high water" in those places that were nearer and those that were furthest away. The moon, therefore, was never round, but always longer in the direction toward the earth. The difference is not great, and only the finest measure can give an estimate of it. The total difference between the longest and the shortest dimensions of the moon is probably not more than a few miles in a total of 2,163.

Naturally enough, as the moon cooled off the friction produced by tides on the moon—which, as it were, was rotating under them—became enormous; it slowed down the rotation. Finally, when the moon was about to solidify, the friction became so great that the moon gave up the struggle and stopped rotating in its own time. It meekly followed the time imposed upon it by the earth: twenty-seven days.

So now the moon rotates upon its axis in precisely the same time it takes to go around the earth. To us it does not appear to rotate at all.

It is much the same as if you walked around an office building occupying an entire city block, keeping your eyes fixed upon it. People inside the building would see only your face, never the back of your head. To them you would not seem to be turning round. But to some one standing at one of the street corners you would appear to be rotating on an axis, for he would alternately see your face and the back of your head. So it is with the moon.

Yet as a matter of fact we do see a little more than half of the moon, owing to the fact that the moon's orbit is not perfectly circular. As a result, the moon seems to sway to and fro. We can thus see about 59 per cent. of the moon's surface, the remainder being forever hidden from our view.

That the moon is not entirely dead is indicated by the small changes taking place on its surface from time to time. The floor of the well-known crater Linné seems to have risen considerably between 1823 and 1866. A few other instances of similar changes are known, but it is as yet not certain whether these are not merely optical illusions, like the illusion of famous canals on Mars.

Although the moon is the nearest of all celestial bodies, and the best observed of them all, there are still unexplained irregularities in its motion. Perhaps this mystery might be solved by taking into account the fact that the moon is magnetic and acted upon by the earth's magnetism. Einstein's newest theory on the relation between gravitation and magnetism might prove very helpful in this respect.

There is always the desire to see the other side of the moon; to explore and conquer new worlds; to confer the blessings of our terrestrial civilization upon supposedly less fortunate celestials. It is this desire that will ultimately drive some of the more daring to take a trip to the moon. Whether they will follow Jules Verne and travel in a projectile or adopt one of the numerous methods of Cyrano de Bergerac, the future must decide.

At present the odds seem to favor the former and more scientific lunar traveler. But if explorers choose a projectile as their means of conveyance, the principal difficulty will be to get back, once they have reached the moon. In the beginning people will probably have to be satisfied with merely encircling the moon; with taking round trips.

The problem of steering such a far-traveling vehicle is one of extreme difficulty and somewhat comparable to that of a man lying on a perfectly smooth and absolutely frictionless table, unable to reach the edges with his hands or feet and trying to get off.

How would he do it? The principles of mechanics tell him that he cannot shift his centre of gravity; that the only reaction he can get out of the table is up or down. All he can do is jump up and down. He cannot move sideways. Obviously, he is up against it. But after a moment's thought he will take off one of his shoes and throw it away. His centre of gravity must "stay put"; and since the shoe goes one way, his body will begin to slide in the opposite direction. If the table is absolutely frictionless, he will in time, no matter how small an initial speed he gets, reach the edge.

It is the same way with the celestial projectile. Once it has started, its centre of gravity must follow the course prescribed by the attractions of sun, moon and earth. If the traveler on the lunar express wants to do any steering, he will have to fire off rockets. These form, so-to speak, his fuel and steering gear in one. His only hope of steering this motorless ship must lie in his having a large supply of these rockets.

"Bombarding" the Moon

But probably before trips to the moon have come within the realm of possibilities, taking possession of the moon will be considered seriously by terrestrial militarists. In their avidity for more lands to conquer, men will cast covetous glances on the moon and begin to think of devising artillery with which to bombard it. Let us hope, however, that they will realise in time their appalling weakness. When it comes to taking the offensive, the moon has it all over us.

Even if there were no atmosphere, we should have to fire our shells with an initial speed of about 12,000 yards a second in order to make them go beyond the "dead line"—the point where the attractions of earth and moon cancel. The pan-lunar artillery, having a target thirteen times larger to aim at, does not require an initial speed greater than 2,500 yards a second. Whereas all the bombs sent from the moon would hit their mark, most of the shells fired from earth would come down again upon our own heads.

The pictures accompanying this article show in an interesting way some moonscapes as they might appear to an earth dweller who succeeded in visiting our satellite.

Sunset on the moon is in many respects unlike the sunsets to which we are accustomed. In the picture representing sundown among the lunar "Apennines," we are confronted with the imposing face of Mount Huyghens, nearly 19,000 feet high, seen from the northwest. Sol has disappeared behind the horizon of the level plain, casting along the mighty range of mountains a line of sharp, straight shadow. The lower parts, though plunged in obscurity, are yet partly lighted by reflection from the peak and by the earth.

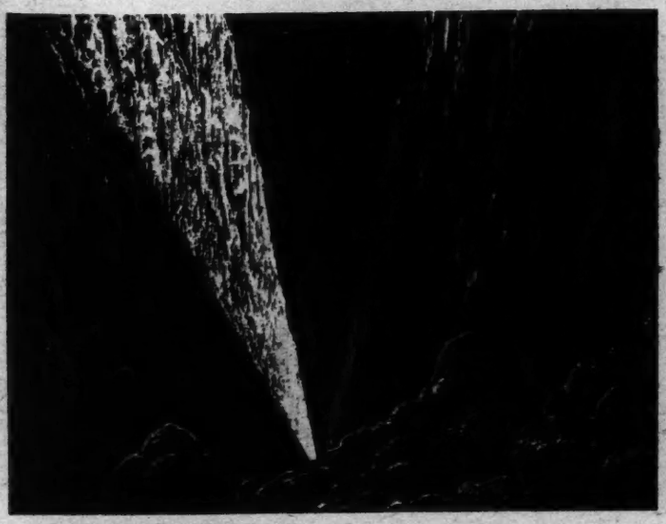
Sunrise, too, presents a spectacle unknown on earth.

To watch the sun up would call for patience, since it takes the orb of day about an hour to creep above the horizon. This is due to the slowness of the moon's rotation.

Sunrise on Our Satellite, the Moon.

Right—The Moon as Seen From the Earth.

Left—The Earth as a Moon Dweller Would See It.



At the Bottom of a Lunar Crevasse.

GAUNTLET OF GOLFING MALE LIES AT WOMAN'S FEET

Talk of Further Limiting Her Hours of Play Echoes Through Locker Rooms of Metropolitan Clubs

He Sees a Woman Ahead of Him.

By ALLISON DANZIG

THE hallowed soil whereon Washington played tag with General Howe is fertile again with the seed of war. Already a shot has been fired that has been heard around the bunkered hills of Long Island, Westchester, New Jersey and Staten Island. And even as pitchforks, shovels and clubs were called into play by the embattled farmers to defend the inalienable rights of man, so now mashies, niblicks and drivers may soon be employed to settle an issue that strikes deeply at the rights of woman.

Oddly enough, it was at the Queens Valley Golf Club that the spark was ignited which may prove to be another Serajevo in its consequences. The male of the species decided to make of his place a Kings Valley on certain days of the week. For years Adam had watched in silence the increasing inroads made upon his sacred golfing domain by Eve until finally he could stand it no longer and drove her forth.

By official edict of May 11 the greens of the Queens Valley Club were forbidden to her on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. Before then she had been privileged to play after 2 o'clock in the afternoon on those days. Only on Mondays and Fridays is she allowed to play without restrictions, and on Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays she must be off the course by 3 o'clock.

What the Women Think

Some of the women whose right is denied to pursue a little white ball around the countryside have vowed that heaven and earth shall be moved, if necessary, to regain the paradise lost. Being a golf widow may be trying for the woman who doesn't play, but for one who does play it is still more bitter to sit at home while friend husband, who may be a sadly inferior divot-digger, ruins his day attempting to crack 100.

The severe action of the Queens Valley Club may be explained as the outbreak of a conflict that is gathering force in many a golf club. A half hour spent in the locker rooms reveals that similar explosions may occur elsewhere almost any day and that there is reason for women to become alarmed. Unless they band together for a counter-attack their husbands are likely to capitulate to such organizations as the Bachelors and Unafraid Husbands of the Hempstead Country Club, who are working in their insidious way to have women barred on week-ends and holidays.

The sentiments of this intrepid, if ungallant, organization represent the feelings of many other male golfers who have not had the temerity to come out into the open against the encroachments of the female of the species. Their argument, briefly, is that as long as women have the course almost entirely to themselves five days in the week, they should be sporting enough to allow the hard-working man to have it to himself on Saturdays and Sundays, when he is free. Besides crowding the course, it is argued, they hamper a man otherwise in his full enjoyment of the game. How, it is asked, can a man hopelessly trapped give voice to his feelings when he has to think who may be within hearing distance?

Edward Bernstein of the Fenimore Country Club, Chairman of the Tax Committee of the Westchester County Golf Association, is one of those who dare to acclaim the Queens Valley Club's action. Only lack of backbone, according to Mr. Bernstein, prevents other clubs from following suit.

Sixty per cent. of the men who play golf at Fenimore, says Mr. Bernstein, play only on week-ends and holidays. Because of this fact the club has restricted the use of its main course to men on Sundays and holidays and allows women to use it only until 11 A. M. on Saturdays, though they have the unrestricted use of the nine-hole course the club also maintains.

Arguments in the locker rooms make clear the questions under dispute. To some men, and not all of them bachelors, the presence of a woman player ahead on the course is a never-failing irritant.

Five days a week these men applaud woman, but not on the two other days or on holidays. Locker-room conversations make it quite evident that a considerable part of the male golfers regard woman's place as the home in those precious hours, when tired business men are free to take a little outdoor exercise.

The women have their defenders among the men, be sure, and locker-room debates have been known to become superheated in consequence. A fact that weighs much with some of the men is that membership is often a family affair. When the club was organized the man joined with the understanding, tacit or otherwise, that his membership entitled his wife to the privilege of the greens. Such men naturally voice their disapproval of any effort to legislate women off the course. But already the advocates of masculine rule on the links are outvoting them as the burning question comes to a showdown.

Courses Are Over Crowded

The golf anti-feminists attribute spinelessness and timidity to men who disfavor restrictions for women. A tendency to yield to women at home, the sterner restrictionists hold, is accountable for a weak-kneed attitude of the golf club. Against practical and gallant motives advanced in defense of women players, the sterner restrictionists point grimly to the increasing congestion of all courses in the environs of New York City.

A general tightening up on the privileges of the fair members has occurred. In few clubs is she allowed free run of the course on week-ends and holidays, and in some cases the restrictions have become so inconvenient in hours that they have amounted to virtual prohibition.

At the Greenwich Country Club the situation is unique. The ruling there is in the form of a request to feminine golfers not to play Saturday afternoons or before 2:30 on Sundays and holidays. The request is complied with strictly. There is this concession, however: Any woman who turns in three cards of 100 or better is allowed to play at any time. The St. Albans Club isn't far behind the Queens Valley, for it does not permit women on the course on Saturdays or holidays, and admits them only after 3 P. M. on Sundays.

John Feore, Chairman of the Green Committee of St. Albans, says: "We should like to follow the example of the Queens Valley Club and restrict women entirely, but some of the men like to have dinner with their wives at the club; so we restrict them until 3 o'clock. That still leaves them time to play nine holes."

The Westchester Biltmore Country Club, with three courses, does not allow women to play at all on the championship west course on week-ends and holidays. In addition, they may not use it on Wednesdays, when the midweek tournaments for men are held. This regulation was put into force recently. The south course is open on week-ends and holidays to women who rank in Class A, that is, who have a handicap up to 18 or a score under 100. All others may use this course from 11 to 1 and after 3:30 on these days. The nine-hole course, however, is open at all times.

Regulations at the Bonnie Briar Country Club specify that women must be off the greens before 11 on Saturday. They cannot play at all in the afternoon of that day nor before 3 on Sunday. For a club whose membership is composed largely of married men the Bonnie Briar is severe—but not severe enough to suit some.

The Montclair Golf Club allows mixed play on the course from 9 to 11 Saturday mornings, but not women alone. After 4 in the afternoon women may play by themselves. They may not play Sunday mornings, and in the afternoon they may take their choice of going around with men after 2 or waiting until 3 to play by themselves. On holidays the play is stag until 4.

Only two hours are allotted to the women on Saturday at the Garden City Country Club—between 10 and 12—while on Sunday they must wait until 3 o'clock. At the Salisbury Country Club they are never allowed to play on the No. 4 course, while on No. 3 they can play after 9 on Saturdays and after 11 on Sundays. The Shackamaxon Country Club restricts the use of its course to men from 12 to 3 on Saturdays and until 3 on Sundays.

A privilege ticket obtained by the husband permits a woman to play Saturday mornings until 1 and after 3 at the Century Country Club, while on Sundays her hours are from 11 to 1 and after 3. At the Cherry Valley Club she may play before 11:30 and after 2:30 on Saturdays and after 10:30 on Sundays. If she plays in a twosome she must start at the tenth tee; in a foursome, at the first.

The Hempstead Country Club now allows women on the course from 11 to 12:30 and after 3 on Saturdays and up to 11 and after 3 on Sundays. Whether those hours will remain depends on the results obtained by the bachelors and unafraid husbands. The course at the Apawamis Club is open to women between 11 and 12 and after 3 on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays; and at the Deal Golf Club in Jersey between 11 and 12 and after 4 on those days. At the Sleepy Hollow Country Club women may play until 11:30 in the morning and after 3 on Saturdays and before 9, between 11:30 and 12:30, and after 3 on Sundays and holidays. Before 12 and after 3 is the regulation for women at the Engineers Country Club on Saturdays, while on Sundays and holidays they may play before 8 and after 3.

Where Rules Are Strict

At the Richmond County Country Club on Staten Island the hours are before 12 and after 3:30 on Saturdays and from 11:30 to 1 and after 3:30 on Sundays and holidays. It was only recently that the club changed the regulation for Saturday morning play. Mixed foursomes scheduled for the entire season stand in the way of more serious changes. The Fox Hills Golf Club, also on Staten Island, allows freedom of the course from 10:30 to 12 and after 3 on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. The male members are frequently heard to grumble against fair presences on the course. "But it usually blows over," officials say.

The Nassau Country Club, the Hudson River Country Club, the Morris County Golf Club, the Baltusrol Golf Club and the Wheatley Hills Golf Club are all golfing paradises. Here women may play when the spirit moves—no distinctions are allowed and favor to the fair sex is the watchword.

Only at the Women's National Golf and Tennis Club, within a short distance of the Nassau Country Club, are women more in their element than at these five clubs. Here, in an Adamless Eden, where the footprint of man is unknown, the female of the species makes her own regulations, plays on her own membership instead of as the guest of her husband and laughs at her sisters who bow to the restrictions imposed by mere man.

What the answer will be to the increasing severity of those restrictions cannot be foreseen, but if the open hostilities which have broken out at Queens Valley lead to civil war all over Long Island, Westchester, New Jersey and Staten Island, the consequence may be that there will be more organizations like the Women's National Golf and Tennis Club. That, of course, would make men terribly angry. Then they would have their own courses entirely to themselves.

The Garden City Golf Club was founded on the principle that women do not need golf, and it holds to that notion. The Elm Club of Chicago holds to the same principle, and now word comes from San Francisco of a project for a golf club exclusively for men.

These are parlous days for the ladies.

Argument in the Locker Room Is Furious and Emphatic.

The Disheartened Remnants Leave Canadian Soil.

THE EPIC OF '76: DAYS OF DARK ANXIETY

More Colonies Vote for Independence, But Only After Bitter Division—Military Defeats and Victories

Between June 13 and June 20, 1776, six Colonies either came out openly for independence or showed that they would soon do so. One of these was New Jersey, where Governor William Franklin, Benjamin Franklin's son, took the King's side and was deposed and imprisoned. New York alone remained doubtful, submitting the issue to a popular election. The news from Canada continued to be bad, and the end of the week saw the remnants of General Sullivan's army retreating to American soil. This is the ninth of a series of articles telling, week by week, the story of Independence Year.

By R. L. DUFFUS

THE Continental Congress had postponed action on Richard Henry Lee's motion for a Declaration of Independence in order to give certain of the Colonial delegations time to hear from home. They had not long to wait. Between June 13 and June 20 no less than six Colonies, four of which had been considered doubtful, swung into line.

These included Connecticut and New Hampshire, which had more Tories than had any other of the New England Colonies, and, in addition, the important middle Colonies of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland. In every one of the four last named the decision came after a bitter fight, which lends some justification to those who speak of the Revolution as a civil war.

In Pennsylvania, the seat of government for the United Colonies—or of such government as the United Colonies had—the situation had long been critical. The Pennsylvania Assembly had a majority that was firmly against independence. The Pennsylvania delegates to the Continental Congress had been ordered "to dissent from and utterly reject any proposition (should such be made) that might cause or lead to a separation from Great Britain." The delegation was divided in its private opinions, four being against independence and three being inclined to support it.

But the tide of popular opinion was turning. As early as May 20, a crowd estimated at 7,000 persons had gathered in and around the State House in Philadelphia to cheer the resolutions by which Congress had called on the Colonies to form governments independent of Great Britain.

The beginning of June found the Whig members of the State Assembly meeting day after day, while the Tory members remained away and so prevented any business from being done. By June 14 the Whigs were tired of going through empty legislative motions. On that day, though no quorum was present, they first voted to remove the restriction that had been imposed upon their delegates in Congress, and then adjourned, never to meet again.

This left Pennsylvania with no government whatever; no courts whose decrees any one felt bound to recognize; no police able to compel obedience. On June 18 a conference of prominent citizens—most of them Whigs, as it happened—met in Carpenters' Hall in Philadelphia to plan a new government. They sat for seven days, called an election for a new Assembly, ordered that every citizen who paid taxes should have the right to vote, and wiped the King's name out of the statute books. All this was entirely illegal. It was revolution.

Benjamin Franklin had attended the conference, and was a successful candidate for membership in the new Assembly. He was a tower of strength for the Whigs. Yet he had the mortification, at this very moment, to see his own son, William Franklin, Governor of New Jersey, struggling obstinately to uphold the King's authority.

The younger Franklin had been born out of wedlock, but had been reared by the philosopher as his own son. He had served in Canada during the war against France in 1744, and in 1756 had gone to London with his father, who was at the time agent for the Colonies in London. There he took an Oxford degree, became a barrister and finally cultivated the British Court to such good effect that he was appointed Royal Governor of New Jersey. This was in 1763.

For a few years all went well. Governor Franklin got on comfortably enough with his neighbors and subjects, maintained a model farm near Burlington, and supported all public improvements. But as the relations with Great Britain became strained, he took the King's side. In 1774 he had a last stormy interview with his father, and the two parted, not to meet again for ten years. The Spring of 1776 found him in hot water with the New Jersey patriots.

Where New Jersey Stood

By June 14 affairs had reached a pitch that led the State Assembly to resolve that "all payments of money, on account of salary or otherwise, to the said William Franklin, Esq., as Governor, ought from henceforth to cease." The next step was to surround Franklin's house with a guard of sixty militiamen, and finally, on report that his behavior had become "gross and insolent" and that he would not give his parole to keep the peace, he was imprisoned. After that there was no doubt where New Jersey stood, though the State was to suffer severely from the invading armies and from the activities of certain of its Tory citizens who were known as "Pine Robbers."

As for Governor Franklin, he was later sent to Middletown, Conn., and, his behavior still being "gross and insolent," he spent two years in jail. He was by nature an amiable man; he erred chiefly in not knowing on which side his bread was buttered. Such was one of the burdens Benjamin Franklin had to carry during the war years.

Delaware, like New Jersey, had been the scene of much commotion; but on June 14 her Assembly approved the resolution of Congress that new and independent State Governments should be formed. Next day it acted on its own advice by wiping the King's name and authority out of its statute books.

Maryland's action was a little slower, but in June the counties were coming out one by one for independence. Her formal instructions to her delegates to vote for Lee's resolutions, though not actually issued until June 28, were foreseen many days earlier. Eden, the Royal Governor, had been popular and had hoped to ride out the storm. But he was a man of sense and discretion, and as the evidence of the revolutionary strength grew unmistakable, he resigned himself to the inevitable, bade the people of Maryland a friendly farewell, and sailed away on a British man-of-war.

Connecticut crossed the Rubicon on June 14, when, almost in the words of the Virginia declaration of a month earlier, her Assembly unanimously instructed its delegates in Congress to propose that the Colonies be declared "free and independent States."

Next day New Hampshire acted. But the phrase used in the New Hampshire resolution had—perhaps by accident—a prophetic glamour. It instructed the delegates to concur in "declaring the thirteen United Colonies a free and independent State." "States" might mean anything, from a loosely organized league to an empire. But "State," if it were used seriously, meant a nation.

Add to the list of Colonies just mentioned Virginia, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia (all of them were already in the control of the revolutionary party), and there remains only one doubtful State—New York.

Sentiment in New York was sharply and perhaps evenly divided. It so remained until after the Declaration. After some debate, even the Whigs concluded that it would be better to elect a new Assembly before deciding this crucial question; and an election was called while the Lee resolution was pending in Congress.

An incident that reflects the confused currents of the time and shows what extreme tact was required of a continental commander-in-chief occurred on June 18, when the New York Assembly gave a dinner in Washington's honor. Among the toasts were "Mr. Burke" (meaning the renowned author of the speech on conciliation), "The friends of America in both Houses of Parliament," "May the Strength of the British Empire Expel the Poison of Corruption," "May the Generous Sons of St. Patrick Expel All the Venomous Reptiles of Britain," and "The Whigs Throughout the British Empire."

Evidently the toast committee aimed to please all factions. As there is no record of a riot among the diverse elements so faithfully represented by the toasts, it is probable that the dignity and poise of the great Virginian kept the diners from flying at one another's throats.

War Clouds Grow Darker

As the spirit of independence grew stronger, the war clouds grew darker. The Canadian adventure was entering upon its last miserable phase. The failure of the American attempt to capture Three Rivers has already been described. Immediately after that episode the British began to advance, and on June 13 they were before Sullivan's camp at Sorel with sixty ships, 10,000 soldiers, and plenty of guns. At this point the Richelieu River and the St. Lawrence are nearly parallel. Carleton, the British Commander, planned to send part of his force up the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal, then to cross over and take the Americans in the rear.

All that prevented the success of this plan was an adverse wind. The Americans, under General Sullivan, retired in desperate haste up the Richelieu toward Lake Champlain. By heroic efforts they got their heavy scows up difficult rapids, and on June 17 Sullivan reached St. Johns, leaving Chambly in flames behind him.

Benedict Arnold, in Montreal, got word just in time and escaped with 300 of his soldiers. At St. Johns he rejoined Sullivan, and on June 18 they resumed their retreat before the victorious British. The sick and

(Continued on Page 21)

PILSUDSKI IS A GENUINE SON OF POLAND

Revolutionary Leader Has Had a Career as Stormy as the Vivid Political Life of His Beloved Country

By K. J. HARTUNG

WITH that dramatic elan which so deeply impresses the inflammable imagination of his romantically inclined compatriots, Marshal Josef Pilsudski has swung himself once again into supreme power in Poland and now, behind the scenes, he pulls the strings. Once again this strange figure, so full of mysterious contrasts, this martial-looking man with olive-skinned face, drooping black mustache and deep furrows between his overhanging eyebrows, has become master of the Belvedere Palace at Warsaw—once the seat of the Russian Governors of Poland, and, since the resurrection of Polish independence, the home of the Chiefs of State.

When the Marshal glances from the window of his study on the second floor of the yellowish building and looks above the stately trees of the Ujazdowska Alley, he may see the ramparts of the Warsaw Citadel, where as a youth he was imprisoned and whence he made a bold and successful dash for life. The road from Warsaw Citadel to Belvedere Palace was a long way to travel. Between these two buildings which have played such a striking part in the history of modern Poland lies not only the story of Marshal Pilsudski but the story of the Poland that was and of the Poland that is.

There are politicians in the Polish Republic who still represent that Poland of yesterday—oppressed, cut into three parts, deprived of the basic rights of civil liberties, where playing politics was equivalent to participation in revolutionary plots against the established régime. And there are also men in Poland who reflect the new spirit of the republic; who, ridiculing the somewhat farcical romanticism and endless plottings of the former leaders, are trying to guide their country on the road of peaceful evolution by more Occidental methods of statesmanship.

Pilsudski's Characteristics

Pilsudski united the characteristics of both types. This is the reason why almost every one in Poland, be he an ardent follower of the "founder of Polish independence" or an embittered antagonist of "that incurable plotter," sees in him the true representative of the Polish race with all its great qualities and great defects. He is bold and romantic; a nationalist, yet saturated with Socialist ideas; a heroic soldier and a farcical poseur; a man who knows what he wants but wavers just before the goal; full of vitality and yet a skeptical Hamlet at the decisive moment; a professed army leader and militarist, who failed to learn the basic elements of strategy and tactics; the odd mixture of a Cyrano de Bergerac and a Don Quixote—a real Pole, a "genie san portefeuille" as Henryk Sienkiewicz calls the typically Polish hero of one of his novels.

Before the war the name of Pilsudski was familiar only to a comparatively small circle of Polish revolutionaries who set their high hopes on a possible general uprising of the Polish Nation against the Muscovite rule. Romantic legends are told in Poland about the exploits of Pilsudski in that heroic period of his life. Persecution fell on almost all members of his family. His father's estate was confiscated; his brother served a long sentence in Siberia whither Pilsudski himself, a youth of 20-odd years, was exiled. When he returned, he joined the Socialist-Revolutionist Party and published the first Socialist newspaper in Poland, called Robotnik. It appeared for more than two years, although prohibited by the Russian authorities. They at last found the printing machine of the revolutionary sheet in Pilsudski's apartment and sent the young Social Revolutionist to the Warsaw Citadel. Before six months had passed, Pilsudski escaped with the help of his comrades and continued his underground propaganda for a liberated Poland.

After the manner of the Russian Revolutionists, he assumed aliases and lived in that strange underworld of Lodz and Warsaw, where revolutionists and conspirators of every shade mixed with starving students and women of the demi-monde. With typically Slavic lack of clearsightedness, the young revolutionist had only vague ideas about how the revolutionary movement, sponsored by him, could reach its ultimate aim and what the ultimate aim should be. He dreamed of a free and independent Poland and of a successful levée en masse of the Polish people. Yet an armed uprising of a few million unorganized men against the Russian military power was a sheer impossibility in the eyes of every sane man.

Nevertheless, he fought the oppressors of his nation boldly and gallantly, risking his life in frantic ventures, mad conspiracies and abortive revolutions. During the Russo-Japanese War he went to Japan for rifles and ammunition with which to stage a revolution in Poland. His scheme did not meet with approval; the unripe revolt was stopped short in Warsaw, where the police attacked demonstrating Nationalist students and Socialist workmen.

Though there was no hope whatever of a successful Polish revolution, Pilsudski continued to plot and conspire. He transferred his activity to Galicia, where the Austrian authorities secretly supported every political move directed against Russia. He drilled young Poles as a "military" instructor, although he never belonged to any army and would have needed some military instruction himself.

Marshal Josef Pilsudski.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

When the World War broke out, the Foreign Office in Vienna came upon the great idea of forming Polish legions within the Austrian Army as impressive propaganda among the Poles of the Russian Empire. Pilsudski was permitted to recruit and command the legions formed. He was commissioned a Captain in the Austrian Army and later, when more and more men joined his legions, he was advanced in rank to Major, Colonel, Brigadier—the only General in the Austrian Army who never saw the inside of a military academy.

Pilsudski's Polish legions never played an important part in the military operations during the war. But their rôle became conspicuous the moment Berlin and Vienna began to weave the plan of an independent Poland as a buffer State. Pilsudski saw very clearly that the liberation of Russian Poland could be accomplished with the military defeat of Russia; and he began to work on what he believed was his historic mission—the plan of liberating Galicia and Posen with the help of an independent Polish army, the nucleus of which he already had in the legions.

He organized and strengthened his little army with energy, and in private conferences with Polish political leaders showed clearly the road which would lead not only to an independent but to a united Poland. But the Germans got wind of the plans of the Brigadier General, arrested him and sent him to the fortress of Magdeburg. The Polish legions were deprived of their leader, the movement for a united Poland was robbed of its most able champion.

The name of Pilsudski, however, was at that time the symbol of Polish freedom and independence. His legionists adored him, his romantic past and his successes during the war made him a national hero, and his imprisonment by the Germans wove the glory of a martyr around his head. The Poles' representative in the German Parliament made an impassioned plea for "Poland's greatest living man." In Warsaw there were demonstrations for him, and when, on the day of the German revolution, he was released from the Magdeburg prison and arrived in Warsaw he was hailed by an enthusiastic crowd of 50,000 men at the Vienna Terminal as a new, Kosciusko and a savior of his country.

In this historic moment the dreamer Pilsudski turned to grim realist. He snatched the executive power, sent home the members of the weak and incapable temporary Supreme Council, declared himself Marshal of Poland and organized a Polish army, which was the only fixed point amid the chaos of the new republic. Even though his friends exaggerate when they assert that Poland owes her freedom and independence to Pilsudski, it is true that he laid the foundations of the new State and organized the administrative powers of the Polish Republic.

It was a difficult task to create an organized power out of nothing, to form Cabinets and fill the Government offices in a country that lacked trained politicians as well as civil service workers. The new Poland had neither the human material for the necessary army of Government officials nor trained officers for her regular army. Pilsudski had to select his men from among the conspirator-politicians of the underground Poland of pre-war times and from the rank and file of the Polish intelligentsia, which had no training in running the affairs of an established State. The well-known "Polish dissent," the tragic curse of the Polish race, increased the natural difficulties of his great task. Plots and intrigues blocked his way at every step. Galicia resented the leadership of the former Russian Poland; the politicians of Poznania started a revolutionary campaign against Pilsudski; and the former members of the Polish National Committee, who represented the Polish cause in Paris during the war, were deeply embittered by seeing a man at the head of the State who belonged to the vanquished group of the "Austrialists." But Pilsudski went his way with unbroken energy. In less than a year Poland had an army, a modern Constitution and a regular Government. The way was paved for the future development of the young Polish Republic.

His Disastrous Adventures

If Pilsudski had been satisfied with these achievements, he would have been the greatest statesman of his country. But his romantic nature and his typically Polish "fantasja," as the Poles call their particular racial imagination, drove him into disastrous adventures, which at times jeopardized even the safety of the new Poland. He was not satisfied with having risen to be chief of a united and independent Poland; he wanted to become the Napoleon of a greater Poland, the master of an immense country stretching from Dantzic to the Black Sea. With his new and untrained army he undertook a military excursion to Ukrainia which pathetically collapsed. He provoked the attack of Soviet Russia against Poland, which almost annihilated her newly acquired freedom.

His inability as an army leader was proved. His personal authority sank to the lowest level when the Bolshevist army reached Warsaw. Marshal Pilsudski was compelled to ask France for help. The French sent General Weygand with a staff of high officers, who worked out a new plan and defeated the Russians. A few days after the victory Marshal Pilsudski published a long statement, in which he described how he

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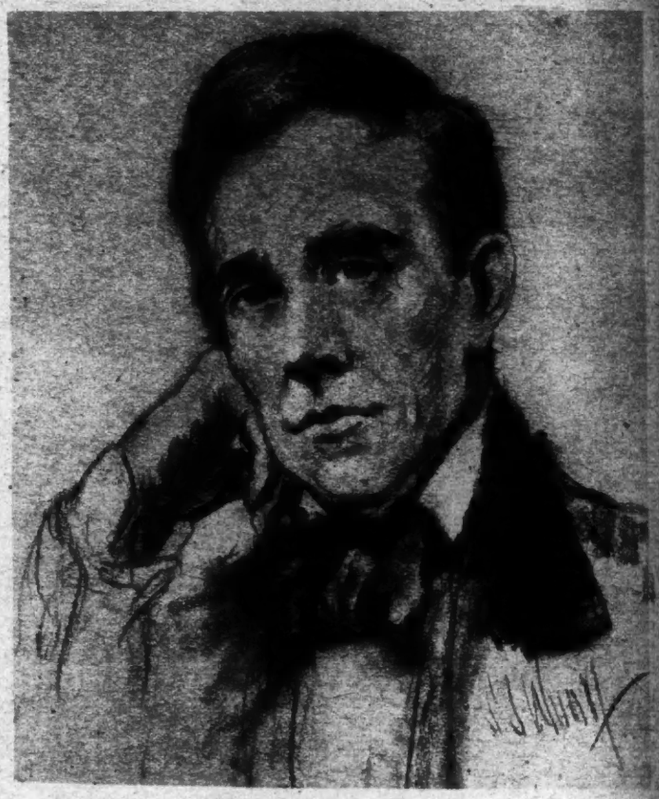
STEPHEN FOSTER'S LAURELS STAY GREEN

Author of "My Old Kentucky Home" Remembered On His One-Hundredth Anniversary—His Songs Grow in Popularity



Stephen Collins Foster.

By STEUART M. EMERY

MELODIES of the Southland echoing the joys and the sorrows of a lowly people are much in the air just now. Negro spirituals and negro poetry are heard in growing volume. The black race, it would seem, is finding voices of its own after many years. It no longer needs a Stephen Collins Foster to tell of its pathos and to sound the depths of its feeling. Yet Foster is not forgotten. Only the other day a bill was introduced in the National House of Representatives proposing to honor his memory in an issue of memorial half dollars to be put in circulation on July 4, the hundredth anniversary of his birth. The whole world is to be reminded of his haunting classics, "The Old Folks at Home," "Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground," and "My Old Kentucky Home."

Stephen Foster, about the middle of the last century, put down on paper tremendous and enduring sentiments, and dramatized the poignant aspects of a plantation life that is now a thing of the past. His statue stands today in his native city of Pittsburgh. Strangely, the man who wrote the greatest songs of the Southland was not a Southerner. He stood afar off and caught the spirit of the canefield and the cabin, the porticoed mansion and the white seas of cotton. In granite and bronze his statue is reared, showing the composer with pencil and paper in hand, while a little below him and to one side sits the faithful figure of his immortal "Uncle Ned" with his banjo.

Foster composed both the words and the music of some 160 songs. He was a born musician and an indefatigable artist. The words of "My Old Kentucky Home" illustrate well the quality of his genius.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home;
'Tis Summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'n by Hard Times comes a-knocking at the door.
Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home,
For the old Kentucky Home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by; like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few days more and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar-canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road.
Then my old Kentucky Home, good night!

Wrote With Simplicity

This classic, according to tradition, was composed at Federal Hill, the old manor-house of the Rowan family near Bardstown, Ky., on one of Foster's infrequent visits to the South. The same spirit that breathes through it animates his other Southern songs. There is hardly an effort at dialect to express the thoughts of the negro. Foster wrote always with unaffected simplicity.

Music claimed him almost from his birth. As early as the age of two, his brother and biographer recalls, the infant Stephen used to creep to his sister's guitar and pick harmonies from its strings. Once, when he was seven, his mother took him shopping with her. A flageolet—an instrument that he had never seen before—lay handy on a counter. In another moment the boy had taken it up and the astonished customers found themselves listening to the strains of "Hail, Columbia."

The youngest of seven children, he grew up sensitive, shy and absent-minded. At the height of his fame he remained abstracted, indifferent to praise and to money. He would walk along the street with his eyes on the ground, composing. In the top floor of the White Cottage, the home that his father, Colonel William Barclay Foster, once Mayor of Pittsburgh, built just outside the city, Stephen established a room for study and work. The halls were heavily carpeted, to insure silence. The furniture was a chair, a sofa, a table, a music rack and a piano.

By the time he was 9 Foster was the star artist of a boys' troupe that staged performances of its own plays in a carriage house. At 19 he was devising songs for a group of youthful friends who met twice a week for social diversion. Into this circle were introduced the manuscripts of "Louisiana Belle" and "Uncle Ned," and the career of Stephen Foster as a song-writer was launched. Throughout Pittsburgh the tune of "Uncle Ned" was heard. "Oh Susanna" came next and, with the others, found its way to a Cincinnati publisher.

"Imagine my delight in receiving $100 for 'Oh, Susanna,'" he wrote. "Though this song was not successful, yet the two $50 bills I received for it had the effect of starting me on my vocation of song writer."

Then came "The Old Folks at Home," perhaps the best known of all his compositions, which he wrote for Christy, the minstrel. Within the short space of five years no less than 400,000 copies had been printed and it was on its way to girdle the globe. It has been translated into every language on the Continent and even into native tongues of Asia and Africa. Its first line, "Way down upon de Swanee ribber," is historic.

Regarding that line a story is told. The author, in 1851, entered the office of his brother, Morrison, and said anxiously, "Tell me a good two-syllable name for a Southern river. I need it for the song I'm writing."

"Yazoo," suggested Morrison.

"That won't do," cried Stephen. "Reach me down the atlas." The atlas came down and with searching forefingers the two brothers hunted for two-syllable rivers of the South.

"Here's one called the Swanee. It's a little stream in Florida," said Morrison.

"That's it exactly!" flashed Stephen, and left in haste. In that moment musical history had been made.

A Master of the Flute

Stephen Foster learned the art of music almost by instinct, for he had few teachers. At the piano he played well and gracefully, but with the flute he rose to the heights of a master. His melodies were the result of long hours of toil. There were, fortunately, few distractions to keep him from his work. For a while he acted as bookkeeper in the office of a brother of his in Cincinnati, but the field of business failed to attract him, and he returned home to devote himself to his beloved music. His melodies caught at the heart of the public as much as did the words he wrote for them.

Many other songs of his besides his Southern pieces redounded to his credit. "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming" is still heard. "I See Her Still in My Dreams" was written as a tribute to the memory of his mother. "Ah, May the Red Rose Live Alway," "Jennie With the Light-Brown Hair" and "Nelly Was a Lady" are among his voluminous contributions. The stanzas and melodies that tell of the South, however, will remain always the closest to the heart of the public. "The Old Folks at Home" is a jewel whose lustre time cannot dim.

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's where de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.
All de world am sad and dreary
Everywhere I roam,
Oh, darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home!

"Way Down South," "Old Black Joe," "Don't Bet Your Money on the Shanghai," and "Camptown Races" are included among the Southern pieces upon which Foster's fame rests. At the height of his popularity he received letters from admirers in all parts of the world. Washington Irving and other literary giants of the period wrote enthusiastic praise of his work. A few trips to the South on steamboats, a casual visit or so—that was the frail foundation upon which Foster built himself a lasting monument as an interpreter of the plantation.

More than once Foster abode in New York, where his publishers had their offices. Here it was that he died under tragic circumstances. In 1850 he married Jane McDowell of Pittsburgh, but the match seems not to have been an ideal one, inasmuch as his wife regarded him as a dreamer and visionary.

He was at the old American Hotel in this city in 1864 when he fell victim to an attack of fever. Rising to cross the room, he fell against a wash basin, cutting his face and neck as it broke. When help came he asked to be taken to Bellevue Hospital, where some days later he died.

In 1900 a statue was raised to his memory by public subscription in Pittsburgh. The work, by Moretti, stands inside the main gate of Highland Park and the "White Cottage" is preserved by city ordinance. The Governor of Kentucky, in the movement there to preserve the Rowan homestead in 1921, broadcast an appeal to all sons and daughters of the State to rally to the support of the original manor house of "My Old Kentucky Home."

"Old Kentucky Home."
Painting by Eastman Johnson.

YACHTING LURES THE LANDLUBBER TO SEA

Roads Are Crowded, But There Is Plenty Of Room on The Water

Good Seamanship Is Necessary When a Fresh Breeze Sweeps the Starting Line.

Photos by Edwin Levick.

By HOLLISTER NOBLE

AN unusual epidemic of sea fever is sweeping America's coast line. The landlubbers are rushing to the sea as never before. Father and mother and the youngsters are shoving off in all manner of craft, and, as the jolly crew of the Pinafore might put it, so are their sisters and their cousins and their aunts.

Ocean-going Diesel-engined yachts, express cruisers, power boats, launches, houseboats, sea sleds, speedboats, schooners, yawls, sloops, half-raters, knockabouts, catboats, sneakboxes and dories are sliding into the water. Second-hand craft are in great demand and in hundreds of small shipyards rise the din of calking hammers and scrapers and the rattle of marine railways.

Said an eminent yachting authority the other day: "The Summer of 1926 marks the greatest revival of interest in yachting and pleasure craft in the last half century. This interest is universal and is destined to endure. The day of the small-boat owner has surely dawned."

The revived interest in boating is not confined to salt water fans. Yachting clubs are springing up in the Mississippi Valley. Clubs on the Great Lakes have obtained scores of racing yachts that have won fame on the Atlantic Coast. Throughout the country there is a quest for small craft of any description.

The Seagoing Landlubber

One may now find a seagoing landlubber in almost any office. You may see him gazing vacantly from the twenty-fifth-story window over the harbor haze, wondering how the fish are biting inside Sandy Hook, and secretly adding up figures on calking costs, white lead and deck paint.

What are the causes of this outbreak of sea fever? A few enthusiasts, perhaps, hark to the sombre surge of Conrad's prose or the lusty rhythm of Masefield's salt-water ballads and dream of adventure on the high seas. But more prosaic and pressing causes lie at the root of this rush for open water. Population problems, congested areas, crowded golf links, tennis courts and country clubs, especially along the Atlantic Coast, are leading many people to seek relief elsewhere than on land. The flood of motor traffic, with 5,000,000 vehicles added annually to the deluge, is literally driving thousands to seek their pleasure offshore.

Down the bay there is still plenty of room. With sparkling blue water and a full sweep of sea and sky, with Europe on one hand and Fire Island on the other, one leaves flat tires, parking rules, left-hand turns, and the traffic cop far behind. Then, too, standardized small boats are now modestly priced and have been made exceptionally seaworthy.

The near-by Atlantic is ideal for all forms of cruising. From Eastport to Key West and along the Gulf there are hundreds of miles of safe inland waterways, quiet reaches of old canals, large protected sounds, great rivers and open sea suitable for every type of craft. The rediscovery of Florida has created a new tribe of maritime nomads who operate floating homes the year around. In the Summer, about Massachusetts Bay, Long Island Sound, or the Delaware River, they cruise within easy commuting distance of the office. In the Fall they take their boats south for the warm waters of the Gulf Stream and the palm-sheltered lagoons of Dixie. Many a small boat takes the outside passage down the coast. One family recently used a 34-foot cruiser on the open sea from Kennebunkport, Me., to New York, averaging 30 hours for the trip each way and making seven round trips in two months.

An elderly sea captain who runs regularly between Jacksonville and Boston entered a ship builder's office the other day and exclaimed, "They say America doesn't take to the water. Why, the Atlantic coast looks like a motor boat regatta. Last October, on my way to Boston, I had to dodge fleets of motor boats running down to Florida fifty miles at sea. And in heavy weather, too. And now I meet 'em on the way north again. Where do all these salt water sailors come from?"

This rush to the sea is a family affair. Since last November shipyards large and small have been swamped with orders for all manner of homelike craft. The Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Corporation, whose metier is dreadnoughts and ocean liners, recently launched three Diesel-powered private yachts, and now has several others under construction. A dozen or more ocean-going yachts over 150 feet in length are under construction in various yards. The production of motor craft and cruisers has become almost as standardized as the making of automobiles.

Landsmen find that the maintenance of a $5,600 cruiser with galley and all conveniences for an extended family cruise is less than the upkeep of a $2,500 car, and the depreciation is much less. One family recently cruised for a month in a 26-foot craft with all the comforts of home for the modest sum of $31.

The aristocratic yachting world represents but a small part of the sea-going public, but even this specialized sphere of maritime activity has attained in the last three years astonishing proportions and has succumbed to the inroads of democracy. The situation in yachting this Summer reflects the democratization of a sport long regarded as an amusement for a small and wealthy class.

On the sparkling waters of Massachusetts Bay and Buzzards Bay, on Long Island Sound, on Barnegat and Great South Bays and on the Great Lakes the racing schedules and entries exceed any lists of former years. In the short reach between New York and Bar Harbor fifty fleets of racing yatchs, including about 900 craft manned by several thousand men, women and children, will participate in sixty-nine regattas. There will be regional, sectional, national, international and long-distance ocean races on every hand, including the Bermuda Race from New London on June 20 and the Vanderbilt Cup Race from Newport to Marblehead on June 30.

Several American entries are promised for the Fastnet deep-sea race, a 600-mile English event around the Isle of Wight, across to Fastnet light on the southeast coast of Ireland and back to Plymouth. A new departure on the New England Coast will be six yachting tournaments, four for boys and girls under 18 years of age, one for women and one for "mixed doubles," as in a tennis tournament.

The Pacific Coast has also succumbed to the yachting fever. Last year a number of intrepid spirits raced from San Francisco to Tahiti, 3,600 miles and more. The Honolulu classic, a 2,200-mile ocean race, has become an annual event. This month a dozen vessels flying the burgees of yacht clubs from San Diego and Los Angeles to Seattle and Vancouver race from the Golden Gate to Diamond Head and Honolulu. There will be a return race from Hilo in July, followed by many regattas along the coast.

Young America Responds

A feature of the yachting revival is the response of young America to the call of the sea. From the Junior Yacht Racing Association of Long Island, with its fleet of "Star" class yachts, to the still younger members of the Junior Skippers' League of America, who sail their model craft on the home waters of Central Park, youngsters are turning to sailing small boats. And their elders are helping them. This year a number of clubs have retained experts to train the children in the fine points of the racing game.

Veterans of yachting who ventured to establish modest cups for youngsters two seasons ago express amazement at the magnitude of this year's interest in the sport on the part of boys and girls all over the continent. The Junior Yacht Racing Association of Long Island will commence its season with the first junior open regatta ever staged in the country, on July 20, during Larchmont week. Skippers and helmsmen must be under 18. A score of junior regattas for Maine youngsters will be held between mid-July and late August.

Youngsters under 15 are crowding to the sea. You may watch them scurrying about Oyster Bay in their Kitten-Class craft, attractive little twelve-foot catboats from which they

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Every Stitch Drawing—A Nautical Close-Up.

THE OPERA IN PARIS HONORS ITS CREATOR, GARNIER

It Celebrates Hundredth Anniversary of Artist Who Made The Great Building a Second Empire Triumph

By HAROLD CALLENDER.

WHILE New York has been discussing the building of an opera house appropriate to the capital of the most thriving of continents, Paris lately has been viewing in retrospect a similar period in its own history: The creation by Charles Garnier (born 100 years ago) of the sumptuous structure that for fifty years has served as the musical centre of France and one of the chief focal points of Parisian life.

Paris has for centuries been the romance capital of Europe. There have been epochs of greater and of lesser brilliance; but always the proud title has rested. Kings and Emperors and Czars have been the guests of a city inexhaustible in its resources of entertainment. Culture has there made her abode, and from Paris rich streams have flowed out into the world, fashioning, refashioning, refreshing.

The last great era was that comprising the Second Empire, which culminated so disastrously in the war of 1870. It was in this reign of Napoleon's adventurous nephew that plans for the Opéra were laid and the task of building it begun. To the execution of this great work Garnier brought the inspiration he had gathered from the ancients, from the Middle Ages and from the Renaissance in Italy and in France.

Garnier the Artist

He had no high regard for those who studied the classic only that they might reproduce it. Garnier sought much more. He was a constructive artist. As M. Tournaire put it, Garnier gathered the themes and styles of the past in many places, "all that was brilliant and seductive, and threw it by armfuls here into his Opéra, composing for dazzled eyes the magnificent picture of an epoch freed at last from the School of David and the coldness of the First Empire."

The Second Empire was a period of economic expansion and of extraordinary prosperity for France. From the great Exposition of 1855 to the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War (which delayed the construction of the Opéra and turned the building into a storehouse of war supplies during the siege of Paris) the nation enjoyed great opulence. In the architecture of the time, as well as in the balls at the Tuileries and in the social events that they inspired, the prevailing taste for the luxurious, the rich, the ornate and the colorful found expression.

Marbles, frescoes, mosaics and especially gold were used in profusion—in too great profusion, according to some critics. The Opéra, with its polychrome hues, its gilded statuary, its marble columns and elaborately decorated vaults, was characteristic of its period.

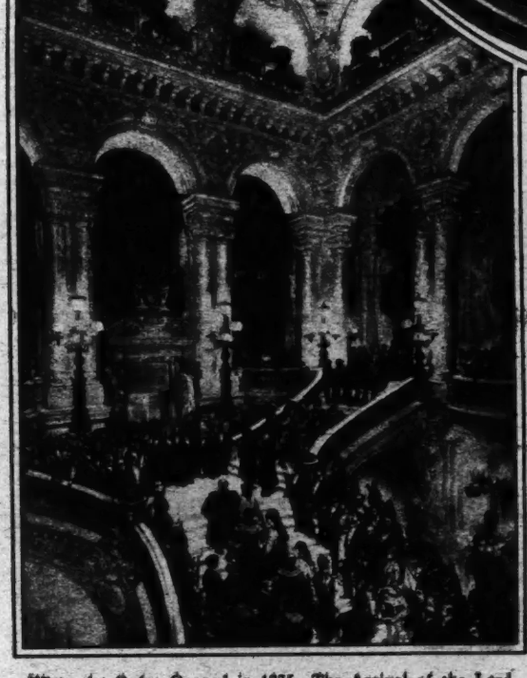
The external coloring has been considerably dulled by time and the elements, but an observer approaching it from the Avenue de l'Opéra is still impressed by the fullness of embellishment that gives the building a sort of fantastic and sprightly air. Surmounting the dome and visible from the Théâtre Français is Millet's Apollo, holding his lyre aloft. On either side is a bronze Pegasus, poised erect, as if about to "take off" for a flight. Above the façade are groups by Gumery, likewise in bronze, representing harmony and poetry, their extended wings sharply silhouetted against the sky.

Carpeaux's Group, "The Dance," on the Facade of the Paris Opéra House.

Times Wide World Photo.

J. E. Lenepveu's Sketch for the Ceiling of the Opéra.

Photo by Henri Manuel.



When the Opéra Opened in 1875—The Arrival of the Lord Mayor of London.

After the Picture by Edouard Détoille. Photo by Henri Manuel.

On the face of the building there are seventeen groups, statues and busts—the latter placed in circular apertures through which lavender lights shine at night. Though a lively controversy once centred in the question as to whether Garnier had not erred in placing on the roof figures larger than those at the base of the façade, many agree that, as Hilaire Belloc once remarked, the building holds its plenteous burden of statuary well and harmoniously.

Garnier's own explanation of his design for the grand stairway exhibits best of all his conception of what an opera house should be—a conception that had matured in his mind during long years of study.

"If the grand stair be a sumptuous and animated place; if the decorative arrangement be elegant; if the animation that reigns be an interesting and variegated spectacle, there will be the advantage that everybody will profit by it. If the walls be so placed as to offer great spaces, all those walking on each level may see at will the great room and the movement of the crowd going up and down the steps. • • • All that is rational, practical and artistic, leading to a rich, grandiose and animated effect. At each level the spectators, leaning on the railings, make them, so to speak, living, while others ascend and descend the stairs, adding further to the liveliness of the setting. • • • The shining light, the gleaming gowns, the moving figures, the gatherings and greetings in the foyer, all will contribute to an air of festival and pleasure."

When Garnier showed his plans to the Empress Eugénie, she asked, "What is the style? It is neither Louis XV nor Louis XVI."

"It is Napoleon III," he replied.

This was true in the broadest sense of the word.

A visit to the special exhibition offered at the Opéra as part of the observance this Spring of the centenary of the architect's birth, permitted one to glimpse a masterpiece in the making. It was somewhat as if one had stepped into Garnier's workshop while the fourteen-year labor of building and decorating the Opéra was in progress. Here it was possible to watch conceptions mature as they took form in one tentative outline after another.

Drawings, paintings, pastels and bits of statuary, left by the architect among his effects and given to the Opéra by Mme. Garnier after his death, were to be seen. They included many that were in the sketchy, incomplete form in which Garnier first saw them. Some were rejected by him or by the artists themselves.

The Decorations

There was a small version of Lenepveu's "Hours of the Night and Day," afterward copied upon the great circular ceiling of the auditorium. Baudry's sketch for his mural, "Parnassus," that now surmounts the grand foyer, remains in a hazy, half-finished state. Models of Carpeaux's early projects for his contribution to the façade reveal the fact that he made at least two preliminary groups before finally hitting upon the gay, animated figures of his famous piece, "The Dance." These tentative essays—arranged with rare compactness and taste by Charles Bouvet, director of the Opéra's museum and library—possess an interest scarcely secondary to that of the final achievements, since they not only suggest the development of artists' themes but also convey a hint of the time and study spent upon the great array of paintings, statues and bas-reliefs that give the building its air of rich adornment.

The present exhibition evoked renewed tributes to Garnier, recalling the burst of acclaim that greeted him when, at the close of the performance that inaugurated the new structure in 1875, he descended his marble-and-onyx grand staircase in somewhat the manner of an author stepping on to the stage after the curtain had fallen upon a successful play. For while the Paris Opéra, like the thirteenth century cathedrals, was a great collective enterprise, to which many artists contributed, Garnier was the master builder who conceived it and directed its execution.

That dramatic moment when the sumptuous edifice was formally proffered by the man who had

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STEEL RAILS WILL OPEN AN UNUSED SEA

Canada's Grain Is Soon to Be Sent Via Hudson Bay—A New Route From Europe to Far East

The Mouth of Churchill Harbor, Hudson Bay.
Canadian Government Photo.

By JOHN T. ROWLAND.

IN the northern part of our continent lies a great sea. Bounded on three sides by North America and on the fourth by Baffin Island, which is separated from the mainland by only a narrow strait, this is a veritable sea. For it is larger than the Baltic and twice as large as all our boasted great lakes rolled into one. The country about it teems with game, is fruitful with grain, and is rich in mineral resources; yet it is still an unused sea, as lonely and almost as little known as in the days immediately following its discovery 300 years ago. Its name is Hudson Bay.

This Summer will probably see Hudson Bay opened to world trade. When the railroad to Port Nelson, on the west shore of the bay, has been completed Canada will have a great seaport at her heart. It will be accessible to the grain exporting country of the Northwest and not far from the agricultural and industrial portions of Ontario, which Province, by the way, is building a rail line of its own to the south end of the bay. Before long there will be two ports at which seagoing ships can dock in the centre of the Dominion.

Europe Is Nearer

It is an epochal project, comparable to the building of the first transcontinental line. It means that henceforth Canada will possess an interior seaboard with an outlet to the Atlantic independent of the Atlantic Coast. On the side of transportation alone, its value will be great. The wheat fields of the West will be brought a thousand miles nearer European markets, and a new route will be opened to the Far East. The distance from England to Eastern Asia is about 16,000 miles via Suez; by way of New York and San Francisco it is 11,000, in round figures; but by Port Nelson and Prince Rupert it will be less than 8,000 miles. That is to say, a traveler landing at Port Nelson in Hudson Bay and going by rail to Prince Rupert in British Columbia would save more than 3,000 miles in the journey between Northwestern Europe and China or Japan.

But perhaps the greatest economic gain, so far as Canada herself is concerned, will be in avoiding the long rail haul from Alberta and Saskatchewan to Atlantic Coast ports and the jamming of terminals during the exporting season for grain.

Important as these results may prove, there is, however, one that will be still more so, and that is the opening of a major division of the American continent to man's use. The Hudson Bay country is about to take its turn as "the last frontier."

On a "life zone" map of North America in the latest edition of a standard atlas a sharp distinction is drawn between Canadian and "Hudsonian" culture. The former is represented as sweeping westward, a broad, sky-blue belt between the Great Lakes and the southern tip of Hudson Bay. North of it lies the Hudsonian bright blue, pressed down by the cold slate gray of Arctic culture above.

The inference is striking and fairly accurate as such things go, for nowhere else in America is the transition from the old and settled so abrupt. From the staid farm lands of Ontario one may ride overnight to a country where it is still possible to step off the railway train into the wilds. And it is a real wilderness one steps into, not merely a patch of rough country such as we have in several of our States. Except where settlements have spread down the "clay belt," one may travel from from about the middle of July to the 1st of October.

When the freeze comes it is the harbors that close up first, so that with an ice breaker to keep a channel open it is likely that the season could be considerably prolonged. And, in this connection, it is pointed out that even the St. Lawrence is closed in Winter: better a short season than none at all.

The railroad to Port Nelson has nevertheless met, in Parliament and out, more opposition than many more difficult projects. Construction was interrupted by the war and since that time it has been allowed

Ice Is Sometimes Found Off Port Nelson in Midsummer.

the line of steel clear to Hudson Bay without seeing a farm or even a house of any sort, unless it be some trapper's shack.

This is the realm of snowshoe and canoe, the home of wild game, the land of hunter and trapper. Occasional posts of a fur-trading company stand as outposts of the civilized world. And Heaven help the tenderfoot who gets lost in that lowland of winding, interminable rivers and maddening black flies!

The total length of Hudson Bay, north and south, is some 900 miles. This includes James Bay, endowed with a name of its own, although it is really no more than the southern extension of that great inland sea. The great body of Hudson Bay lies south of the sixtieth parallel of latitude, and its southern tip is only a little further north than Vancouver. Its position, therefore, corresponds quite closely to that of the Baltic Sea.

But there is one very essential difference. Whereas the Baltic has its opening at the south, Hudson Bay communicates with the Atlantic by the northeast. Hudson Strait is the channel, and it is practically arctic water. The experience of whalers and explorers, however, and of the Hudson Bay Company whose ships travel to the bay posts every Summer, all tend to prove that there is a safe season of navigation for nearly four months of the year: to languish for financial reasons. Grading has now been completed to Port Nelson and the present end of steel is some ninety-two miles from that port.

It is a Government enterprise and the approximate cost to date is in the neighborhood of $20,000,000, including about $6,000,000 spent in building an artificial harbor and docks at the mouth of the Nelson River. The Government has recently announced its intention to complete the work during the Summer.

To us on the south side of the international line the chief interest in all this lies in the development of natural resources. How little these are known may be judged from the fact that only a few years ago a group of islands with a superficial area of 5,000 square miles was discovered in the southern part of Hudson Bay. These are the Belcher Islands, and it is significant that they are still shown in dotted lines on the chart.

The Lost Islands

A curious thing about them is that they appeared, drawn roughly but with fair accuracy of position and shape, on some of the earliest maps of the bay. Then they were "lost" and remained so for more than a century, to be rediscovered by the man who filmed "Nanook of the North." Meanwhile maps of the bay had shown a few little isles in that general region, but these were so different from what Flaherty found that his discovery deserves rank as an original contribution to geographical knowledge, and in addition he found the islands to contain valuable iron deposits. One estimate places the quantity at 200,000,000 tons.

Another three to four hundred million tons of ore are in sight in the Nastapoka Islands, off Richmond Gulf, on the east shore of Hudson Bay. Since these islands lie only a few miles from shore, where water power and harbor facilities could be made available, their value is great, and numerous claims have already been staked. Yet on that whole coast there is nothing resembling a town. The only communication is by sailing vessels and an occasional small steamer belonging to the fur-trading posts.

The east shore of Hudson Bay differs from the others in that its coast is high, bold land. Of the hinterland practically nothing is known beyond the fact that it abounds in fur animals. And one should not forget the mosquitos, compared with which the famous Jersey variety is a soothing domestic pet. They, perhaps more than anything else, have retarded exploration, for during the Summer they drive even the natives to the coast.

A few hardy geologists and prospectors have fought their way northward along that shore. Their findings, though far from exhaustive, have been enough to stimulate further search. On James Bay iron and silver deposits have been found, with outcrops of copper and mica along the tributary rivers. Further north is galena, a commercial ore of lead, and beyond that more iron, manganese, nickel and copper. The commercial valuation in most cases cannot be told from data thus far obtained.

Some gold has been discovered, notably on the Ottawa Islands, near the northern part of the east coast, and in one or two places on the west coast. Copper, iron and mica likewise occur along the west coast.

In former days Hudson Strait and Bay were great hunting grounds for whalers. It is a sad fact that the market for whale oil waned too late to save the whales from virtual extinction. A "bowhead," at any rate, is rarely seen in those waters today. But there are several varieties of fish, notably salmon, which might furnish a rich harvest, both from salt water and fresh.

Not a Useless Waste

From all this it becomes increasingly evident that the Hudson Bay country is not the useless, inhospitable waste it is so often pictured. In climate it does not differ materially from the surrounding country. Those thriving Canadian cities, Edmonton and Calgary, may be taken as fairly typical, though actually the thermometer stands somewhat higher in Summertime at the posts on the head of the bay.

A rather short, hot Summer is the rule, followed by a short Autumn and a long period of severe cold. Vegetables, however, grow to maturity at the James Bay posts, and the timber, though of no great commercial value, is quite adequate for local use. Even at Cape Wolstenholme, where ships turn the corner into Hudson Strait, one may suffer from heat on an August day—and hunt polar bear and walrus the next!

Like Alaska before it, the Hudson Bay country is waiting for the white man to come and make it his own.

The Breakwater and Docks at Port Nelson.

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, Before the Fire.

SHAKESPEARE TO HAVE A NEW MEMORIAL

People of Many Lands Will Help to Rebuild the Burned Theatre That Stood Beside the Avon at Stratford

A NEW shrine of Shakespearean drama will arise from the ruins of Stratford's Memorial Theatre, on Avon's banks. The winds that fanned the fire of March 6 carried the news of Stratford's disaster to the corners of the earth and brought back sympathy.

In America, in Canada and in Australia, as well as in England, a movement is on foot to rebuild the shrine. Even Japan has undertaken a quota. The King of Egypt has sent his offering. And recently E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe made a gift of all their elaborate Shakespearean productions, including complete sets of scenery, mechanical effects and costumes.

When the new building opens its doors it will be, in a sense, an international theatre, erected through the contributions of many people in honor of the genius that belongs not only to Stratford but to the whole world as well.

Stratford, meantime, has not sat idle. The annual festival has gone on in the local cinema. It would be a bad year, indeed, that caused Stratford's troupe of Shakespearean players to forego their rôles. Outsiders who look forward to witnessing the annual productions realize this fact not nearly so keenly as do the townspeople themselves. The festival has come to mean to Stratford-on-Avon what the performances of the Ring mean to Baireuth and what the Passion Play means to Oberammergau.

Long a Gathering Place

The market town of Stratford has long been a gathering place. In ancient days the "mop," or fair (when oxen and pigs were roasted whole in the streets), drew the country folk. But Stratford sent out no summons to Shakespearean celebrations until more than 150 years after the poet's death.

The idea occurred to David Garrick, in 1769, to hold a jubilee in Shakespeare's native town. The thought was more original than successful. What the weather did not do to spoil the occasion the critics did. Garrick came out of it the poorer by many thousands and deeply embittered.

At long intervals other festivals were held, with varying luck. About 100 years ago Charles Matthews suggested building a Shakespearean theatre at Stratford, and at the tercentenary celebration in 1864 the idea was revived. That it bore fruit a little later was largely due to the vision of Charles Flower.

About that time the old stock companies, with Shakespeare as the main offering of their repertory, were closing their careers, and larger theatres, elaborate productions, long runs and the touring system were taking possession of the stage. In the change Mr. Flower saw a menace to the source of virility, understanding and common sense that Shakespeare stands for, and so he proposed his Stratford theatre, to keep the poet before the people.

Ridicule everywhere greeted his suggestion. It was ludicrous to dream of a Shakespearean theatre in obscure little Stratford! But Charles Flower refused to relinquish his dream. He gave the land for the theatre and also money. The public spirit of Stratford's 10,000 citizens was his main moral support. In 1879 the theatre that was burned in March last opened with "Much Ado About Nothing," Helen Faucit and Barry Sullivan taking the leading parts. Since then festivals have been held once or twice every year.

Anne Hathaway's Cottage at Stratford.

At the end of every season, it is said, Mr. Flower would come to the Governors, check book in hand, with the simple query: "What was the deficit?" When he was no longer there to stand between the Memorial Theatre and financial failure his relatives assumed the load. Archibald Flower, nephew of the childless founder, now follows the family tradition in adopting Shakespeare—"a very expensive and troublesome orphan" at times. Bernard Shaw declares. The rocky part of the Memorial's road, however, seemed past just before the fire. Popular appreciation had come to be evidenced by box-office returns.

The world has long wended its way to the little town beside the Avon. What American would dare go traveling through England without a stop at Stratford? How many tourists rush down from London, if only for part of a day, to wander there in reverie (or perhaps merely for the sake of saying they have been there)? London alone, it is said, withholds homage to the little town. But for this indifference the cities of the Midlands more than compensate.

At least 40,000 persons, it is estimated, visit the poet's birthplace once a year. Wander how or where one will in Stratford, one is never without the poet in mind. Museums here, museums there, statues and memorials—be it no more than a small bust in a niche. The place pulsates with Shakespearean reminiscences, some true, some false, some blatantly commercial, others fervently sincere. The spurious rubs shoulders with the genuine—from the supposed bust of Shakespeare that scholars say is but a "touched-up" bust of some one else, to the Elizabethan and the imitation Elizabethan houses that are Stratford's loveliest ornament and a substantial source of revenue.

Of all times to visit Stratford, all visitors agree, the festival season is the best. It means much to seek kinship with Shakespeare's spirit amid associations dear to him; to linger in spots the poet loved, recalling what one may of his passages, or returning home to re-read some favorite part. But it means much more to remain in his familiar surroundings for performances of his plays.

The day of all days to choose is the poet's birthday, April 23. The first thing in the morning the Union Jack is hoisted in the middle of the old square at Bridge Street. Social emissaries from other lands unfurl their own flags along the four streets converging at this point. More than sixty nations—twenty more than ever before—unfurled their colors there this year, the ensign of the Russian Soviet Republic being among them.

On Shakespeare's birthday the curious come to Stratford from all corners of the world—educators and business men, rajahs, yogis and poets. They follow the official representatives in procession through the town to the parish church, in the seclusion of its limes, where flowers are laid in tribute on Shakespeare's grave.

No man—poet, monarch or pauper—ever had a stranger birthday party. All day long the guests wander through the town. They visit the double house in Henley Street where Richard Shakespeare carried on his business and made his home; where later a butcher opened shop and a tavern-keeper ran the "Maiden Head." They linger in the garden, planted with flowers, shrubs and trees mentioned in the plays, or pore over the collection of Shakespeariana in the rooms. They mount the narrow oak staircase to the low, dark upper chamber where Mary Arden's son was born.

This room bears the marks of many visitors. Famous names—Edmund Kean, Thackeray, Dickens, Browning, Walter Scott, Carlyle—are written on its walls or scratched on its window pane. At the Guildhall is pointed out the place where strolling players aroused the interest of Shakespeare, the lad. He acquired his "small Latin and less Greek," we are told, in the grammar school upstairs. One glimpses Charlecote Park, where he chased the deer; one sits on the worn settee in the thatched cottage at Shottery, where he courted Anne, beneath her parents' vigilant eyes.

The Shakespeare Atmosphere

Playgoing at the Shakespeare Memorial has always had a peculiar glamour. At Stratford one truly feels that the "play's the thing"; the play grips not because a famous star is acting, not because the costuming is modern dress, not because the staging is futuristic, but because Shakespeare, straight and ungarnished, is "good theatre" still. The playgoers expect to enjoy themselves and they do, with a certain unstudied ardor.

Under Sir Frank Benson, all of the Shakespeare plays except "Titus Andronicus" were produced in the Memorial Theatre. These performances established for themselves a reputation for faithfulness to the highest standards of acting and producing. In the half century of its work the old theatre attracted some of the most famous stage people of their day.

Gradually the festival developed into something more than the performance of a cycle of Shakespearean plays. During the season, persons interested in many phases of drama—playwriting, acting, dancing and music—in their relation to community life, now gather there. The atmosphere of Stratford has inspired many repertory theatres, school and community dramatic activities and movements for the preservation of folk drama and folk

(Continued on Page 21)

FRAGMENTS OF ART GROW INTO BEAUTY

Charm of Middle Ages in Barnard Cloisters—Museum Acquires Morris Cabinet With Burne-Jones Doors

Persian Building at the Sesquicentennial.

THE month for visiting the Barnard Cloisters, as one still insists upon naming them, unquestionably is June. The sweetness of the little garden is at its best, and if one misses the "mop-headed trees," the dove-cote, the grass plot signifying to the monks the greenness of their virtues, and other more or less debatable features attributed to the medieval monastery garth, there is at least fragrance and blossoming, and it is easy to see with the inward eye hooded figures pacing the flagged paths separating the garden beds, paths a trifle more liberal than the prescribed width "of a man's foot." In the centre the splendid marble basin is to be considered as a source of supply for washing or drinking water. Under the blue sky this section of The Cloisters lives up to its French title, Jardin de Plaisir.

A Poster Guide

If you start from the Metropolitan Museum in search of this enchanting branch from its portly trunk, you will find yourself guided by a poster of moderate size and immoderate charm. At the top is a picture of The Cloisters in their surroundings engraved by O. W. Jaquist, who has used the impersonal unmodulated line of the early woodcuts. The cliffs and trees, the square-shouldered, unlovely buildings, the river and its craft, trolley cars crossing a bridge, the subway station in evidence, nothing of romance, yet what a lovely city, small and white and clean, it looks. The ancient style together with the punctilious accuracy of related areas and directions prove the return of the decorative map better than many a much more elaborate bit of cartography.

Once within the building containing the fragments of four medieval cloisters, it is not you who go back to the Middle Ages, it is they who come to you, trailing their broken wings and their clouds of glory as they come. They fail, of course, to give you any trustworthy sense of those extraordinary centuries when "the Church was the home of all, and art translated the thought of all." For such sense the mind must gather all its impressions gained from stained glass and sculpture, architecture and block books, medieval legends, calendars, prayers and lives of the saints. Not nearly enough, all told, to produce a feeling of reality such as we should gain from the sight of a single villein mowing an Amiens meadow or plodding to his barn, his load of hay on his back. But The Cloisters collection was the best that could be done. Far better than a performance of greater finish and completeness. When the day comes that The Cloisters are extended and elaborated far beyond their present aspect we shall see more dimly the picture they now suggest.

One turns from the tomb effigy of a slim knight in chain mail, his shield beside him, his age 33, the blessed age assumed by all the faithful upon entering heaven, to the tragic Pieta of a later and more emotional period, and from this—still powerful to move hearts—to the gay little French Virgin, carrying her baby in the curve of her arm, holding him high with a gesture of playfulness, fragments of color lingering on the gray stone; to the twelfth century torso in carved and painted wood of the Christ, eloquent in its incompleteness of the mood preceding the later drama of appeal to the emotions, the figure flanked by the statues of St. John and the Virgin, calm in grief. Other statues of the Virgin and of various saints in French or Spanish workmanship, an elaborate German altarpiece carved in wood, a fourteenth-century marble figure of a king, an early sixteenth-century Magdalen—relics of three centuries, substantial ghosts of the dim religious past, some of them hardly visible in the faint light of candles under the low balcony.

Escaping from this crowded twilight into the famous Cuxa cloister, the stone architecture of which came from the monastery of St. Michael at Cuxa, we are in the twelfth century with the Romanesque sculptors who forced their abundant vitality into formal ornament and conventionalized human heads and figures. A strong, vital convention, rude grimacing monsters, amusing or terrible, human beasts and beastly humans, peering from vines and leaves that curl with the strength of a tiger's tail, and model the capitals of the columns with rich elaboration of light and shade playing over broad and simple planes.

Importance of Barnard's Work

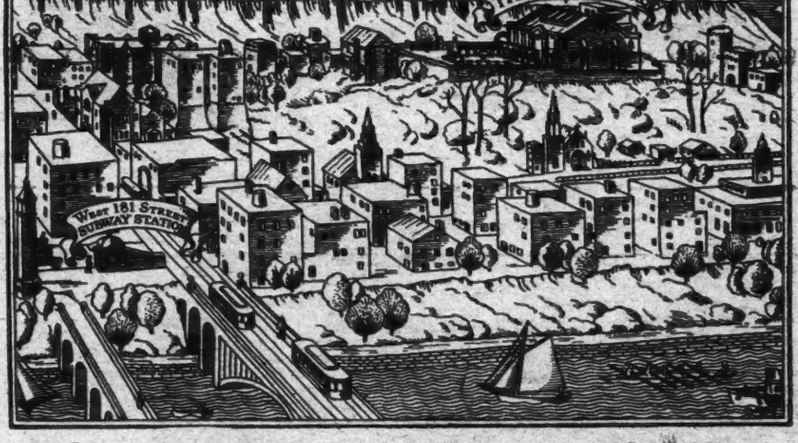
The history of the place is told as fully as may be in the handsome little guidebook written by Mr. Breck, but its greatest charm is that history touches it so lightly. It is a place that might have pleased the exigent Morris, since it was assembled by an artist to whom the vandalism of restoration was as abhorrent as to Morris himself. When Morris went for the first time to Rouen he found it in its outward aspect a city of the Middle Ages. Long afterward he wrote that no words could express how its mingled beauty, history and romance took hold of him; that looking back on his past life he felt it the greatest pleasure he had had, "and now," he ended, "it is a pleasure which no one can ever have again: it is lost to the world forever." Surely Mr. Barnard deserves the gratitude of all who have shared to even a minute extent in this love of the medieval world for the assiduous patience and ardor with which he has brought piece by piece such fragments as he could find from that lost world to this modern age. Nothing that has been done for museums in the new light now pouring down upon their early darkness has been so important as this reconstruction, not too rigid or systematic, of the beauty of the past. Visit it in the moderate warmth of the early Summer.

Cabinet Designed by William Morris, With Painted Doors by Burne-Jones. Recently Acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

One of the recent acquisitions of the Metropolitan Museum (not yet on public view) is a cabinet designed by William Morris with door panels painted by Burne-Jones. Probably Burne-Jones also did the painted ornament on the sides, as the effect is remarkable for unity of design and color. If, as the data indicate, this cabinet was made in 1861 or 1862, it reflects the first fine careless rapture of the Morris firm, which in April, 1861, pledged itself to supply work of a genuine and beautiful character in mural decoration, carving, stained glass, metal work and furniture, the last "either depending for its beauty on its own design, on the application of materials hitherto overlooked, or on its conjunction with figure and pattern painting." During the first two years most of the furniture was designed by the architect Philip Webb. The painted decorations were by Rossetti, Madox Brown, Burne-Jones and others. It was by this decorative work that Burne-Jones received his first initiation in the special craft of painting with oil colors, the cabinet decorated by him for Morris with a subject from the Prioress's Tale being now in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. The cabinet at the Metropolitan is a beautiful, intimate piece of work, bearing the mark of the amateur in a manner that Morris would have approved rather than otherwise, as he shared the opinion of Blake that nothing should be "smooth'd up and Nigled and Poco Pen'd" out of existence. To be strong and honest in workmanship was the essential, and, to speak truth, this delightful cabinet is rather light and graceful in its proportions for the stout taste of the man who changed the face of all England with his medieval ideas of decorative art.

Color Is Pure English

The color is pure English. In no Western country other than England can one find such rich and mellow harmonies of gold and red and black. The taste controlling the color was the taste of an artist, not that of a cabinetmaker. If a cabinetmaker



Poster Guide to The Cloisters, by O. W. Jaquist. In the Manner of Breydenbach.

"Alaskan Dog Team," by F. G. R. Roth.
Courtesy of Milch Gallery.

uses brass hinges on a piece of furniture he wants them to show their brazen color and live separate from the rest of the material employed. An artist carries his color and design right across hinges of brass, panels of leather, wood, anything, in order to keep the whole effect integral. Even the screw heads fastening these hinges are part of the color scheme and decoration; not covered up, but taken into partnership. Here and there a screw head had been either scraped down or replaced, and it is amusing to see how it gleams like a false tooth.

The design, "Backgammon Players," is one used by Burne-Jones for a picture; a youth and a lady seated in a flowery mead, the backgammon board between them. All the details of the design, the patterning of the costumes, the flowers and foliage, even the cubes of the dice, are carried through the decoration, reappearing and uniting, doing their part to keep the impression single

Japanese Accessions

Other accessions which are now on view at the Museum include a handsome Japanese Toga painting of the Kamakura period, given on three scrolls, telling the story of Michizane Sugawara, poet, statesman and patron of calligraphers, deified under the name of Tenjin. This popular idol was an infant prodigy, according to the legend, and in later life was appointed the Emperor's right-hand man. The essential political rival and villain, jealous of his power, plotted against him and caused the Emperor to exile him, and misfortune promptly fell upon the Emperor after Tenjin's death in exile. Dr. Bosch-Reitz, in an article in the Bulletin, enumerates the principal episodes illustrated: "The accident to the bullock cart of the Abbot of Ninnaji as a sign of Heaven's wrath over Tenjin's exile; the high priest of the Tendai sect, Hoshobo Soni, rushing in his bullock cart through the parted waters of the Kamogawa River in order to warn the Emperor; Tenjin's friends reading the poem he sent from his place of exile; the burying of Tenjin on the spot where the bullock stopped and refused to go on; the rebuilding of the imperial palace when workmen find mysterious warnings inside a newly sawn beam, saying that it is useless to rebuild the palace because each time it will burn down again; the destruction of the palace by Tenjin's spirits of thunder; the visits of Nichiso to heaven and earth."

He adds that from an artistic and archaeological standpoint these newly acquired scrolls are of the greatest importance, as the Kamagura paintings are among the rarest and best, and are nearly all classed as national treasures or else are in private collections. The noticeable feature of the treatment is the brilliant use made of small, sharp darks to accent the gray tonality of the design, these darks seeking to give dramatic emphasis to the episode illustrated.

To pass from the Morris cabinet to the exhibition of Coptic textiles, woven by professional artist weavers in such centres as Alexandria and Antinoe, is to pass into a region of deeper color and far more decorative design. It has been known for many years that these bold weavings in their magnificence of blue and green and red and yellow and in their muscular type of decoration offered an esthetic pleasure as stimulating as any to be gained from pictorial art. But the uninitiated observer coming to them from an art that must be acknowledged to reflect but faintly the ideals and performance of that thirteenth century in which Morris steeped an essentially vague spirit, will feel a change of atmosphere as abrupt as that experienced by mountaineers climbing by rapid stages from the valleys to the peaks. The thirteenth century itself seems a sophisticated period in comparison with this civilization of a thousand years before. It is the best lesson one could have in the futility of attempting to fix the primitive into a framework of dates.

Especially it throws into high relief the absurdity of bestowing that title upon the mild esthetic expressions of the fifteenth century, which are still "Primitives" to a large proportion of the visitors to art galleries.

A very pretty late fifteenth or early sixteenth century panel by a Rhenish artist has hung in the Recent Accessions Room of the Metropolitan Museum in immediate proximity to the Coptic textiles, and it is one of the miracles of art that such unlike works can hang side by side without destroying the appeal of either or both. The panel is attributed to an artist commonly known as the Sippenmeister or Master of the Holy Kinship. It was once in the collection of a couple of eager boys, the Boisserée brothers who, at the ages of 17 and 20, respectively, were fired by the romantic ardor of Friedrich Schlegel and resolved to devote themselves to learning all that they could of the Gothic art of Flanders and Germany. Before they were out of their twenties they had a collection of pictures of sufficient importance to find a purchaser in Ludwig, King of Bavaria, who had it at Schleissheim for a few years before it went to the Pinakothek at Munich. The whirligig of wars brought it back to the royal family. The Sippenmeiser panel came to what probably is its final rest in the American museum. Perhaps its chief duty is to show us how the fifeenth century minor men could utter artistic platitudes in a perfectly charming manner.

Tactful Description

Mr. Whele describes it tactfully, giving it precisely its due and communicating not a little of its pleasant charm. "An esthete was our Sippenmeister," he says, "and an eclectic of no great force. With even more than the usual liberty of his time he borrowed types and motives from his predecessors, Stephan Lochner, the master of the Glorification, and the master of the Life of Mary. The composition of the picture which has given him his sobriquet must have been taken from Quentin Massys's famous altarpiece of the 'Legend of Saint Anne,' completed in 1509. Massys's delicately complex color, his love of shot silks painted with lavender and pink glazes doubtless exerted a marked influence, too. Yet it is in the matter of color that our master's distinction chiefly lies. The Museum's picture is a fine and typical example in this respect. The general air of festivity sounded in the gold sky and blue banners against it, in the sumptuous fabrics used for canopy and costumes, and in certain calculated notes of plangent color is muted in the closely restricted color scheme of the picture as a whole, a scheme raffiné and fastidious almost to the point of impotence. A pale mist of claret vapor seems to hang before the picture, modifying and unifying all the parts, giving a rosy glacé effect to the fabrics, turning bare gray earth mauve pink, lending a raspberry blush to brown sandstone, and altering the color of human hands and faces in a manner which is characteristic of this master."

On the opposite wall from the Sippenmeister panel is an example of the beautiful restrained art of Edward Martin Taber, who died at 33, more than a quarter of a century ago. This landscape, "Mount Mansfield," is eloquent of a peculiarly sensitive vision and also of the rare quality of self-subordination. A Chinese hermit, separating himself from the world in order to unite in spirit with the nature he portrayed, would hardly give more convincing expression of soul.

A one-man exhibition of the work of F. Luis Mora is now open at the Grand Central Art Galleries, and probably no one-man exhibition of the past season has shown a greater variety in subject or technique.

Mr. Mora is best known as a figure painter, but when he undertakes landscape he is at his best, especially if it is more or less artificial landscape enlivened by more or less artificial figures. The most recent of his canvases is called "In Goya's Day," and is painted in the same mood as "The Spanish Fair in the Time of Goya," which was one of the artist's contributions to the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Under the shadow of a huge tree are ladies in lace scarfs, a man playing a violin, a charming modern dog, a bridge of yellow stone in the distance, the grass of the foreground dappled with sunlight, costumes and the general disposition of the groups recalling Goya's cartoons for tapestries or such a painting as "The Picnic," in the National Gallery at London; but altogether free from imitation of handling or style.

A Vigorous Canvas

In spite of the hint of masquerade and fantasy the little painting is curiously unaffected, far more so than the "Windswept Picnic" or "Surprise." The most vigorous canvas in the collection is "Spanish Gypsies," a downright study of types entertaining without picturesqueness. None of the subject pictures overshadows the early "Three Musketeers," however. These boys of the street, substantial and nonchalant, have their being in a world of incontestable reality and swagger into the memory to remain there. In the quiet brown portrait of Dr. Kitchell another side of Mr. Mora's talent is shown, the scrupulously observant side. Running through the exhibition for no purpose except that which alone is justified, to get pleasure from the pictures in such degree as they give it, the impression is gained of an art very like that of the stage, a happy gift of assuming at will the character of a subject and molding it to fit one's personal conception. The penalty is an inevitable loss of driving power in the personality thus expressed.

The Art Alliance of America recently held a linoleum design contest for prizes donated by the Armstrong Cork Company and received about two thousand designs from approximately a hundred schools situated in all parts of the United States.

"Spanish Gypsies," by F. Luis Mora, N. A.
On Exhibition at Grand Central Galleries.

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UP WITH THE FESTIVE GARDEN UMBRELLA!

Gay Colors in Seats Are Now Sought—Windsor Chair Is Revived

By WALTER RENDELL STOREY

HAVE garden scenes in the movies increased the popularity of garden umbrellas, as some say? Or are visits of Americans to Deauville and Cannes responsible? The fact remains that these gay articles are being used more and more in American gardens and on our beaches.

The striking hues of the more ephemeral garden umbrella, with its brightly covered table and chairs, are now popular. A new art of the garden is on the way—or, rather, the old art is being modified to meet a present desire for plenty of color.

In gardens, umbrellas with their supporting tables of iron or wood provide a spot of welcome shade—shade that is doubly welcome on lawns of the newer suburbs around New York where trees have not yet fully grown. One may buy these umbrellas ready-made in excellent patterns, or, if an individual effect be wanted, an interior decorator will make a design and oversee the placing of the umbrella, with an eye to the most pleasing decorative effect.

Vividness Predominates

Bright colors and vivid combinations rule the day. Stripes of horizon blue, yellow, tangerine and black make up one particularly successful design, while another combines orange, green, red and purple. Then there are umbrellas of plain but brilliantly colored canvas, bearing a large design on each section of the top. One, for example, shows upon an orange ground a conventionalized design of a flower basket in contrasting colors. Ship designs, an Egyptian symbol for the sun god or a parrot are other decorative forms that lend themselves. Table and chair covers in material of the same color as the umbrella complete a harmonious ensemble.

The lawn umbrella may, if desired, be made to match the awnings of window and porch. In any event, the color of the house and its awnings should be taken into consideration. The color and design may well contrast; and if more than one umbrella be used different color schemes may appropriately figure.

For the children's sand box there are umbrellas with decorations from Mother Goose. Bopeep, Jack Horner and other loved characters of childhood are pictured on the top in green and orange.

***

TRADITION prescribes white for wooden garden furniture, but this year the tradition has been dismissed and two-tone effects, such as French gray and orange or cream color and pea green are in vogue. Furniture done entirely in cream is also an innovation.

If you consult a decorator who deals in garden furnishings, individual effects in form and color may be worked out very happily. One settee seen recently carried out a whim; silhouettes of favorite animals were cut in the back.

A terrace or lawn or flower garden cannot be enjoyed completely unless there are benches, settees or chairs inviting repose. It is from the English that we have long received the best designs for wooden garden furniture, just as from Italian gardens have come the finest creations in stone. These graceful garden bits have always belonged in the realm governed by architects rather than in that of the cabinetmakers.

In the best forms of garden chairs and settees the seats and backs are provided with openings between the boards, to minimize the accumulation of moisture, and pegs or dowels are better than nails or screws for use in the construction, the latter inducing decay of the wood exposed to the weather and being inclined to work loose. Because of its remarkable durability, teakwood was used in making old English garden furniture. Today locust wood, also unusually long-lived, and cedar and white pine are favorites.

One has now a great variety of forms from which to choose in the ready-made garden furniture. If a somewhat formal effect be desired, there are benches stately enough in their lines to have been designed by Robert Adam, the great English architect. Or perhaps the informal grace of a double tête-à-tête may appeal to you. There are fold-up tables, too; but these seem a little out of the true garden furniture spirit, for garden furniture is really supposed to be left in the garden—not folded up and taken indoors. Old-fashioned English settees with long, graceful backs, semi-circular seats and benches are easily found. About a tree a circular seat may be placed.

Garden seats are closely linked with arbors, and where one has no shade trees or grape arbor, under which a settee fits so well, one may have an arbor seat. This comes in various forms and provides a trellis on three sides and above, over which wistaria or moon flowers may climb.

To almost any garden, however small, a bit of wooden garden furniture lends a touch. Its pleasant and often quaint lines and its light color add an accent to the greenery that gives the garden an air of being lived in.

***

THE popularity of the simple forms of furniture of other days has recently brought into prominence the Windsor chair. This product of Colonial chairmakers has had many admirers in the past, but mainly among the antiquarians. Today, however, homemakers who wish an "early American" touch in their living room or bedchamber are picking up this graceful piece of furniture, either in the original or in reproduction.

Although the Windsor chair is of English origin, the Colonies used it extensively, if one may judge by the great variety of forms in which it appeared. No one knows just how it came by its name. One legend runs that the first of these chairs was made of wood from Windsor Forest, in England.

Wallace Nutting, in his book, "American Windsors," gives, besides a good deal of other valuable information on the subject, descriptions of over 125 designs. Most Windsor chairs produced on this side were made in New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania. There were chairmakers who made nothing but Windsor chairs. A wide choice was obtainable as regards not only the detail of the design but various forms also of sidechairs, armchairs, settees, "love seats," stools, highchairs for children and small chairs for older youngsters.

An old Windsor chair was always made of several kinds of wood. The bowed top of the back was generally of ash, hickory or oak; the seat was of pine; the spindles whittled out by hand, were of a tough, flexible wood, such as hickory or oak. When well put together a Windsor could not be taken apart without breaking. Not a nail or screw was used.

Comfortable Informality

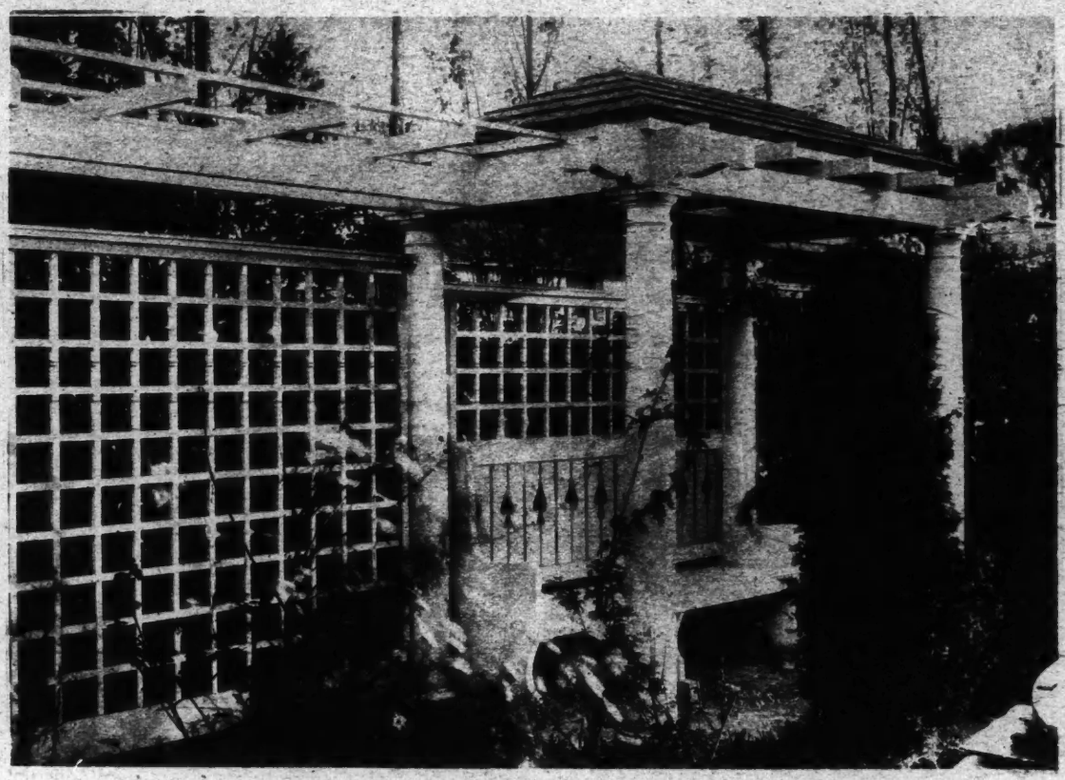
One of the characteristics of a good Windsor chair is the quality of the turnings on the legs and stretchers. Decided shapes with deep cuttings and graceful vase forms on the legs and pronounced bulbs on the stretchers make the handsomest chairs. The splayed or outward-slanting leg is especially characteristic.

A Windsor fits well in rooms of not too formal arrangement (for one must remember that after all this chair was a type of American "provincial" furniture). Nevertheless, even in the old days its comfort and grace were recognized.

The Windsor was undoubtedly a gradual development. A chair was needed that would stand being dragged over flagged floors and hearthstones and yet that would be as light as possible. No other piece of furniture was as cleverly constructed for such use as was the Windsor. It was really a folk product that grew up under the hands of village craftsmen, and at no time in its career was its design added to by a professional designer.

Of the several general types of Windsors, the bow-back type is perhaps the most widely known. This had a curved support, forming arms that ran completely around the back. Another style had a higher back formed of another bow, and was known as the double bow-back. The fan-back Windsor had a back of tall spindles terminating in a flat top. A comb-back was an added top made of spindles (its shape suggesting a tall comb), designed for use as a head rest. Many combinations were possible.

Windsor chairs with a single broad piece of wood or splat running down the centre of the back are an English form and were not made in this country.



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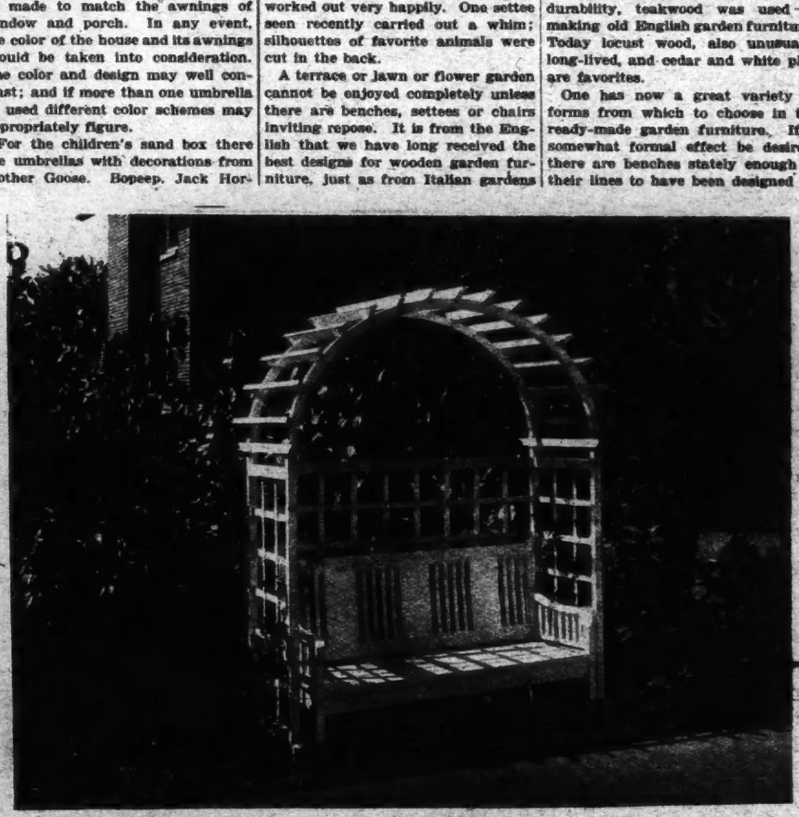

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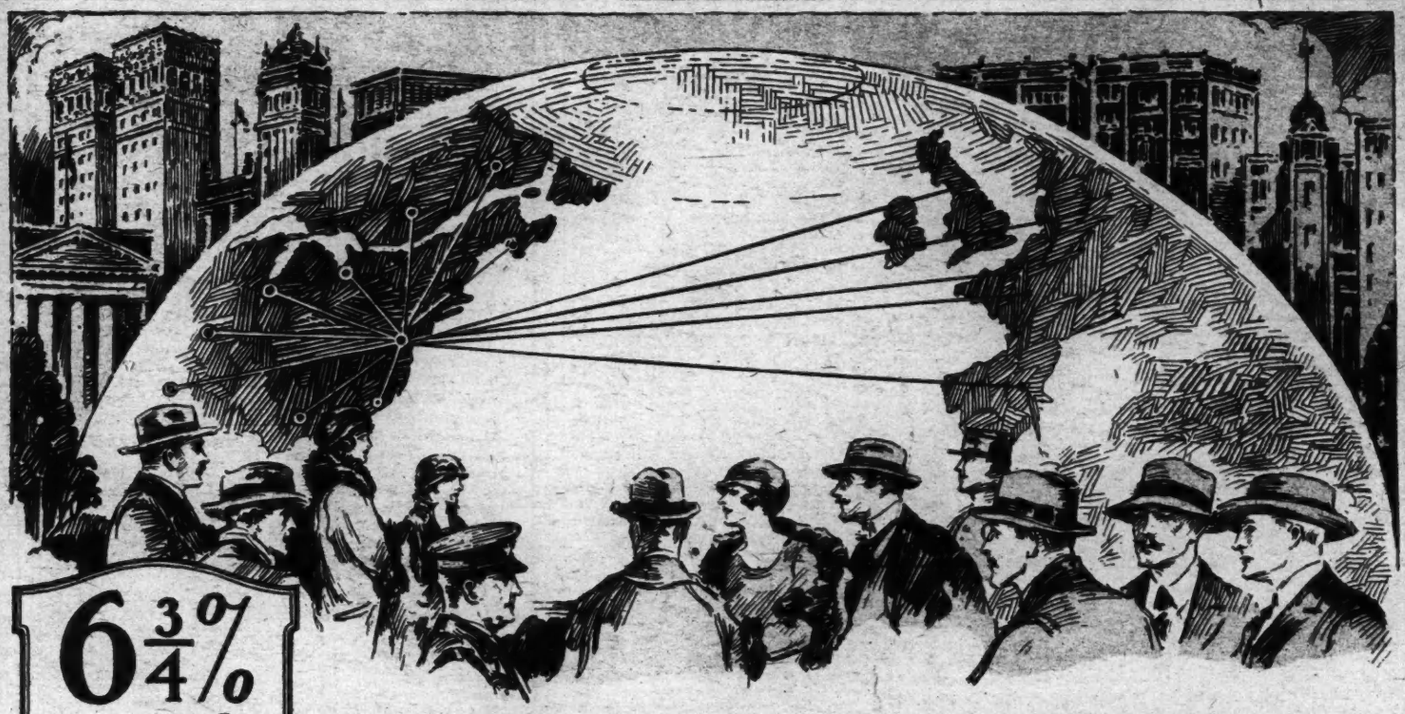

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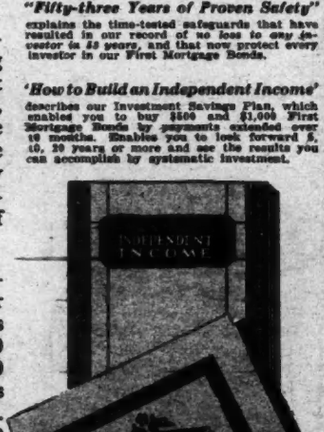

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FANCIFUL NAMES IN THE SOUTH

Negro Parents Often Show Great Imagination in Choosing Them for Children

ANY one who has lived for a few years in a Southern town will bear witness that in the matter of negro nomenclature fiction has gone but little beyond fact. The whimsical conceptions of a picturesque and imaginative people are displayed not only in their Christian names but in the surnames which some of them have picked up, as well as in the names of their businesses, lodges, clubs and churches.

In the directory of one Southern town is the scintillating name of Diamond Cox. A dusky youngling in that community was brought to the bar of justice not long since with several other small negro boys charged with carrying off by herculean toil two or three bars of pig iron (which they called "arn rocks") from a foundry yard, and this youthful bandit's name was Peerless Green. In the same town is another colored citizen whose name is Dentist Green.

On a side street in that city you may see a sign which reads "Son Walker, Soft Drinks & Confectionary." This curious name is explained when you learn that occasionally a colored family neglects entirely the formality of giving a name to a new-born infant and for this reason many negro boys grow up to manhood with no other praenomen than "Son." Son Cox, a well-known citizen, should find little bother or exertion in signing his name to checks, while Archibald Julius Whitecotton's moniker may become a bit burdensome.

A story in a popular magazine a short time ago dealt with the adventures of a negro boy whose "given" name was Wonderful Counselor. Readers of the story doubtless smiled and thought it an amusing bit of exaggeration. As a fact, the name was taken from life. When a furniture factory worker appeared before a draft registrar in 1917 and announced his name as Wonderful Counselor Jones the composure of the registrar, although he was thoroughly familiar with the traits of the colored race, was seriously shaken.

Among interesting feminine names one recalls that of Miss Magnolia Jackson, for long a faithful and efficient employe of a prominent family, while Pearline Deathridge and Easter Sprayberry are others whose names are too artistic to remain hidden under a bushel.

Many negroes, after the Civil War had brought them freedom, assumed names of their own, while others continued to use the family patronymics of their former owners, often considerably distorted through misspelling. The sign of Larkin Fralix, a well-known and highly respected house-moving contractor, at once leads one to suspect that Larkin or his ancestors must at one time have been connected with a family of German extraction whose name was Froehlichs. But the coal merchant whose name as painted on his wagon is John Chromo is harder to explain. Chromo can't explain it and doesn't see why it should excite any wonder. Neither do John Fury and Frederick Zealous regard their names as worthy of comment.

Names of churches and lodges show lively originality. The Methodis' and Babtis' sects, long predominant in Afro-America, are now suffering in some cities from lively competition on the part of the "Derights." That famous fictional lodge The Sons and Daughters of I Will Arise has some picturesque rivals in real life. There is the Imperial Order of Calanthians, for example, whose name introduces us to another word of obscure derivation. The Knights of Wise Men is an important order in the South and the Knights and Ladies of Queen Esther's Court, if not so well known, make no less gorgeous display when they turn out in full regalia at the funeral of a deceased brother or sister.

Into the office of an attorney one day came a large and indignant woman who desired him to bring suit against her lodge for non-payment of a sick benefit obligation. The lawyer inquired the name of the order and was informed that the local organization was the Gideon Tabernacle of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Gallicean Fishermen.

Does any fictional name breathe finer flavor of poesy than that of the Lily of the Valley Pressing Club? Is any more dignified than The Grand Empire Lunch Stand? These "pressing clubs," by the way, are among the most numerous of businesses in their section of town and many of them are fancifully named. As for the Nigria Falls Pressing Club (for so its sign declares it), one is left in doubt whether the honor is intended for the Niagara or the Niger River. A "pressing club," it should be explained, keeps trousers in crease.

PILSUDSKI, TRUE SON OF POLAND

(Continued from Page 8)

had defeated the enemy and saved Poland.

Despite his mistakes Marshal Pilsudski proved to be indispensable in Polish politics. When he retired from office three years ago, refusing to run for the Presidency for the second time, the internal war of counterplotting politicians flamed up immediately with renewed violence. With Pilsudski out of the way, graft and corruption virtually dominated Polish politics. The partisan discord became worse than ever; the number of parties in the Sejm grew from fifteen to twenty-one during three years; the fight between the three Polish provinces of pre-war Russia, Austria and Germany endangered the existence of the republic, and the cry for a dictator became louder and louder.

The idea of establishing a Fascist dictatorship was launched by the National Democrats, who wanted to see General Sikorski or General Haller in the place of a Polish Mussolini. The monarchistic group dreamed of the restoration of the Polish Kingdom, though they had no idea who should be put on the throne. Poland was driving toward the rocks of complete chaos.

Pilsudski is not a Napoleon and, in spite of his pose of dictator, he is not a man of iron. Saturated with Socialistic ideas and a Liberal by nature, he would shrink from proclaiming himself King of Poland, in spite of the fact that the great masses of the nation would hail him as crowned head of the fatherland. He would not even make his will supreme law in the State. He despises Fascism and is a born enemy of every form of tyranny and oppression. He is not a Mussolini in type, nor is he a Lenin either. But he is the best organizer Poland ever had.

Pilsudski is a nationalist in regard to foreign politics. But, having learned from the bitter experiences of the Ukrainian adventure, he no longer seeks new conquests. Before his eyes is a federation of the Baltic States with Poland and a close alliance with Rumania, which was always one of the cornerstones of his foreign policy.

"We have to live in peace with our neighbors if we wish to prosper, and we have to refrain from any of the hysterical makeshift policies which might easily become the statesmanship of a new and inexperienced country," he said in one of his pronunciamentos when he was "Naczelnik Panstwa," Chief of State. "We have to finish the building of our country's new edifice in peace and tranquillity. It is a great task and it should not be made still greater by dangerous experiments."

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3	yrs.	175.50	824.50	4,500
3½	yrs.	301.50	898.50	7,000
4	yrs.	227.50	872.50	7,000
4½	yrs.	253.50	846.50	6,000
5	yrs.	279.50	820.50	9,500
5½	yrs.	305.75	891.25	10,000
6	yrs.	330.00	862.00	11,500
6½	yrs.	387.25	832.75	13,500
7	yrs.	360.75	890.25	13,500
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PARIS OPERA HONORS GARNIER

(Continued from Page 11)

created it to a dazzled city was the climax of a career that began in most unpropitious circumstances; a career as remarkable, as single of purpose, as romantic as that of any of the great American industrial executives whose lives supply much of the evidence of the value of a régime of free economic opportunity.

Garnier was a child of Paris. He was born in the Rue Mouffetard, a few blocks beyond the Latin Quarter. His father was a wheelwright, his mother had been a lacemaker. He belonged to a class that in France, now as in the early nineteenth century, seldom is able to send its sons to the lycée or to the university, institutions reserved by economic circumstances for the children of the bourgeoisie. Though reared in that ancient, self-contained city of schools on the left bank of the Seine, Garnier received no formal academic training beyond that of the primary school of the quarter. His education, which began early, was almost exclusively in the realm of the fine arts; and in that respect it would be difficult to conceive a better one than that he received.

Garnier's Toilsome Climb

But he narrowly escaped becoming a wheelwright instead of an architect. Taken from school and sent to the country for his health, he returned to Paris at the age of 13 to take his place, in the normal course of events, at the forge. Mme. Garnier, however, intervened. It does not appear that the boy had manifested any propensity for the arts, or that his mother divined his latent talent. She objected to apprenticing him as a forgéron because he was too frail for the work, and she proposed his becoming an architect because some one had told her that an "architecte-vérificateur" (a sort of surveyor) might earn as much as 6 francs a day. Garnier, a loyal son, appreciating the point of view of a frugal family, agreed.

He spent his mornings and evenings (part of the day had to be devoted to gainful employment) at the School of Design, the precursor of the present National School of Decorative Arts. There he met a youth named Carpeaux and beat him in a modeling competition. Having learned a little of mathematics and drawing, he sought work in an architect's office. His first employer used him as an errand boy; he sought another job, and another. Hippolyte Lebas, one of the many architects for whom he worked at that time, appears to have been the first to perceive that he was worthy of something better than menial tasks. "He'll be a Prix de Rome," Lebas told Mme. Garnier.

At the age of 17, Garnier was admitted to the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and his career as an artist began in earnest. But filial duties became more pressing. Another child arrived in the family. Garnier worked harder than ever and studied at night. He earned 15 sous an hour under Viollet-le-Duc, who rebuilt many old French monuments and cathedrals; he learned much of medieval art, but did not share his master's limited esteem for French buildings of periods later than the fifteenth century.

The predicted Prix de Rome came when Garnier was 23. He labored feverishly, knowing that his family could support his studies no longer, and that this was perhaps his only opportunity. On the day of the decision a watchman made him a signal from the window where the Judges sat. Garnier ran home to break the news; but a coachman, a friend of his father's, who had waited at the school gate and who had his own sources of information, was ahead of him. Whipping his horse into a gallop, he had reached the Garnier home in a flash, and the whole quarter was already aware of the boy's triumph.

In the three years that followed Garnier traveled and worked in the north and south of Italy, in Sicily, in Etruria.

Returned to Paris, he engaged first in several modest undertakings: assistant inspector at the restoration of the Tour St. Jacques, surveyor of public buildings, inspector of the new Paris fortifications. Garnier was 35 when the competition for the new Imperial Academy of Music (the Opéra) was announced. He was one of 169 who contributed designs.

The work began in 1861 and was finished in 1875, at a cost of 35,000,000 francs, of which Garnier received 2 per cent. Now that the wheelwright's son had enough for his livelihood, he was indifferent to money. H. P. Nénot has related how Garnier supported him with loans in his student days, and how Garnier resigned as consulting architect of Sacré-Coeur because he would not receive payment for doing nothing.

A thin, nervous man, with swarthy complexion and black, curly hair, Garnier was apparently entirely happy in his family and his work; ambitious only to build as many beautiful buildings as he could. He designed, among others, the Casino at Monte Carlo, the Observatory at Mont-Gros, near Nice, the Bishoffsheim Villa at Bordighera.

It is a tradition in Paris that Monday night is what an American might call "society night" at the Opéra. Distinguished persons used to occupy their boxes on that evening, and to some extent still do. It is then that those who move in society may saunter through the foyers during the entr'actes, confident of meeting others of their circles, and that the gowns may be expected to harmonize more than ordinarily with the character of the setting.

A Democratic Institution

But there is nothing exclusive about the Opéra. A great many Parisians of all classes go to the Opéra at least a few times each year. Nothing could be more democratic than the various balls held there on days of fête, some given by the Opéra itself and others arranged by trades and charitable organizations. Any one with 100 francs and evening dress may attend these balls, passing the greater part of the night dancing to the music of a dozen orchestras and enjoying the spectacle.

On these occasions a floor is laid over the orchestra pit from the stage to the loges. There is a jam orchestra in the middle and other orchestras play on the periphery. Gay, outlandish, colorful and sometimes daring costumes appear. Everybody is in a gala mood, tolerant and determined to make a jolly night of it. There are drinking places and eating places in the foyers.

Each year the Queen of Queens, chosen from hundreds of pretty girls put up as candidates by various trade and business groups, is formally crowned on the night of Mi-Carême at a ball in the Opéra. The carnival spirit that pervades the city on that holiday reaches its climax long after midnight. The annual Students' Ball is a similarly bright occasion.

The Paris Opéra is not financially self-supporting. Its revenue amounts to about 12,000,000 francs a year, and its expenses reach 13,000,000, of which 8,500,000 francs go to pay the salaries of the 1,200 employes. The deficit is made up by gifts. The Opéra has long enjoyed a subvention from the State, but at present pays more to the State than it derives from it. The subvention is now, as in the time of Napoleon Bonaparte, 800,000 francs a year. The Treasury takes back about 900,000 francs in taxes on receipts.

The administration of the Opéra would like 1,000,000 francs more from the State, but entertains no immediate hopes of getting it. Salaries of artists cannot be reduced, particularly in view of the high salaries paid in America. So the prices of seats have been increased to keep the deficit within manageable limits.

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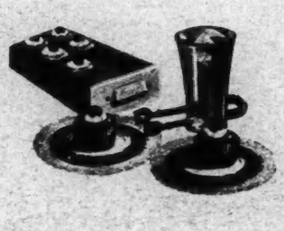

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SUMMER BRINGS HOKUM MEN BACK TO TOWN

Motley Company of Sidewalk Salesmen Have Sharpened Their Voices, Set Up Their Folding Stands, and Opened Bags of Trinkets

THE sons of Barnum are gathering again on the sunny sides of lower Broadway and Nassau Street and are setting up their folding stands and opening the shabby bags bursting with marvelous can-openers, miracle tie adjusters, patent needle threaders, rubber cigars, fountain pens and ropes of pearls. Summer has brought back to the corners and curbs New York's colorful band of hokum men, the last of the spellbinders. Office boys, stenographers and hordes of sleek-haired clerks once more gather in little knots before the financial district's noon-hour entertainers to watch, to applaud and to buy.

No other city in the world presents such a glittering array of hawker talent as does New York with the first warm days. They make up a motley company, these members of the peripatetic brotherhood. Their ranks are augmented from the down-and-outs, from the long files that haunt the Bowery missions, from yesteryear's ragamuffins and street gamins who have grown up. Nearly all of them are white. New York boasts but two negro sidewalk salesmen of note and both, for some strange reason, concentrate on papier-mâché snakes.

The first tingle of the vernal season is the signal. Out of Winter's hibernation they troop, black bag or collapsible stand in hand, to the El Dorado of the sidewalks. Three varieties are recognized by sociologists and Police Magistrates. The first, and humblest, is the vendor of shoestrings, pencils or gum. Such lowly articles require no art of salesmanship. The mute appeal, the glum face! Any one selling pencils naturally grows glum. This is the non-traveling class of hawker that does not head South with the falling of the leaves, but simply dives into the nearest subway exit and disappears.

Higher in the scale are the "demonstrators." These are the general fixers, the metal platers and polishers, the can-opener men, the knife sharpeners and silk hose philanthropists.

The Knife-Sharpener

"Take it home to the little wife and make your home a happy one," shouts the wielder of an automatic carving-knife sharpener as he hacks away at a piece of pipe with the demonstration knife. "Lookit that, folks!" He exhibits a knife that looks like father's razor after sonny boy has finished carving a boat with it. "Watch me close, gents!" With a flourish of the knife back and forth across the miraculous sharpener a gleaming blade is revealed. It slices to ribbons the paper testers. "Fifteen cents, a dime an' a half, sompin the wife can't do without; this gent takes one, an' one over here." Later the "gent's" wife ventures the opinion that it may put a keen edge on a tin knife, but not on hers.

Included in this class are those who punch holes in pots and pans and mend them in a jiffy; who reveal the wonders of non-running silk stockings; who jump on unbreakable pearls; who thread needles with closed eyes and the aid of a magic threader; who peel potatoes, open bottles, bore holes, clean pipes, cut cords, comb their hair and pull tacks all with the same astonishing device.

Last comes the aristocracy of the hokum men—those who vend wares not by dint of muscular effort but by the wagging of nimble tongues. These are the sellers of mysterious packets of pictures "right off'n the boat from Paris, folks, a hundred laffs in every one, made special for the President of France, gents, and smuggled over for your edyfication and enjoyment, only a dime, two nickels, gentleman in the derby is buyin' two, step a little closer, you can't go wrong, 3,000 miles to sell at a dime, friends, no profits, just an introductory offer, one at a time!" The little packets go like hot cakes.

In this class come the exhorters in the name of science, the expounders of psychology and philosophy, and "it's a well-known scientific principle, friends, that carbohydrates is the gasoline of the hooman motor system. A little book, ladies and gents, that discloses the secrits o' nature, reveals the wonders o' the chemist and psychologist, discloses the fruits o' the laboratory and university and opens to every man, woman and child a new world of power, influence and happiness, a quarter folks, two bits, five nickels, a book that'll be on sale next week at all the big bookstores for two dollars and a half, here you are folks, special introductory offer, the lady in the red hat takes one, one for the young feller." * * *

But in the midst both of sentence and sale there comes a bird-like whistle, followed by a hasty jamming of books into the black bag. The hokum man darts away, disappearing in the crowd, as down the street, majestically swinging his stick, walks the blue-coated officer of the law.

Signals and warnings play an important, an essential part in the operations of the sidewalk salesman. For almost all of the streets of lower New York are "restricted" areas, where peddling and selling are illegal. To meet this problem the hokum man has resorted to the "lookout" or "capper."

Two men are now necessary for the prosecution of business—one to sell and one to watch.

In many other ways the capper assists. It is he who first stands before the hokum man when the day's business is begun and who thus forms the nucleus of a crowd. Ostensibly he plays the part of interested buyer, examining the goods and making purchases.

When buying slackens it is the capper who starts the sales going again. When things are going very badly he will make repeated purchases, walking off a short distance and then returning to buy again. If you observe closely the crowd surrounding the hokum man you can almost always identify the lookout, who stands on the outer edges of the crowd anxiously scanning the street, up and down.

"They can spot a policeman approaching long before the average man has an indication of his presence," said a police Lieutenant at the Old Slip Station. "They melt away like ice in the sun. Five minutes later they are back at the old stand again. We organize drives. For several days the precinct house is crowded with them. Batches of forty or more a day are brought in for booking and then sent over to the Magistrate for sentence. Usually they are fined—and are back on the job next day.

YACHTING LURES LANDLUBBERS

(Continued from Page 10)

soon pass to fast Marconi rigged sloops. The Junior Yacht Racing Association has a number of swift sloops, 37 feet over all and 25 feet on the water line, with which members race for the Manhasset Bay Cup, the Greenwich Cup and the Dalley Trophy of the Larchmont Yacht Club. One of the most exciting junior events is the battle for the Long Island midgets championship, a cup offered by Commodore Scoville of the Stamford Yacht Club to boys and girls under 15 years of age.

A blue-ribbon trophy of America's younger yachting generation is the Marblehead classic for the Sears Cup, offered by Commodore H. S. Sears of the Eastern Yacht Club. In five years this meet has developed into an event national in scope. It is so popular this year that elimination races have been arranged in various parts of the country, the winners in these regional contests to be sent to Marblehead for the final.

Designs for sailing craft vary the world over, but there are a number of racing designs of modest dimensions which have become popular in all lands. One is the Star Class, a small, fast craft designed by William Gardner about fifteen years ago and at present embracing a fleet of almost 400 boats in every part of the globe. Races for the Star-Class championship in Long Island Sound, with numbers of international entries, require a week of events late in August and early in September.

An amusing, able and efficient racing variation of the catboat is the lowly Barnegat Bay sneakbox, an offspring of the duck hunter's familiar craft. In 1917 this little sailing craft was unknown. Today there are 550 of them. Seven years ago J. H. Perrine of Barnegat built the first one, and now the catboat that looks like a turtle, with its small, narrow cockpit and its sliding cover, has become the one-design fleet at thirty-one yacht clubs throughout the country. Ten-year-olds as well as adults practice turns and tacking with these craft, which are cheap, able, fast, simple to handle and lightly rigged, affording an excellent schoolship for future racing skippers.

From the lowly rowboat to the slim racing sloop with her lee rail buried in foam, there are many kinds of craft for cruising landlubbers. Some gentlemen of leisure prefer to race in Florida waters with forty-mile-an-hour runabouts. Other Bohemian souls are content to explore at leisurely pace their favorite haunts in near-by waters, perhaps in some foliage-screened cove on Long Island Sound or along a strip of shady beach up the Shrewsbury River.

Professional New Yorkers easily become confirmed disciples of Isaak Walton. Their week-end habitat is on a comfortable broad-beamed craft just inside Sandy Hook where, reclining under a striped awning, they drop their lines. There, like the old Yankee farmer, they "jest set and think and sometimes jest set." Another type of cruiser is the marine tourist, who starts at New York in June and winds up in Georgian Bay, Key West, Havana, Galveston and even Panama, in September.

No agency promotes a truer feeling for the water than a small boat. There is a sense of companionship, of responsibility in the handling of a small boat that a larger craft cannot give. A small boat owner relying on his own resources under conditions where every move gives immediate results, erects a foundation of marine knowledge and appreciation that will prove invaluable on future cruises—ashore and afloat.

An enjoyable aspect of small-boat ownership is the pride a new skipper takes in his craft, no matter what her characteristics. The other day a man of humble station brought his family up to City Island to inspect his new purchase. She was an old squat, comfortable and unlovely catboat nestling between two slim yachts that had captured trophies. Her hull was sound, but her seams were open to the sky. There wasn't a square inch of paint on her, and rope yarn and rigging flapped in the breeze like frayed pennants. But the family, including half a dozen children, chattered away and patted their purchase as if it had been a Derby thoroughbred. Heaving a sigh of satisfaction, the proud man tourned to the original owner.

"Some boat!" said he, grinning.

"It certainly is," replied the erstwhile owner with conviction, and added enthusiastically, "You won't find anything else like her anywhere."

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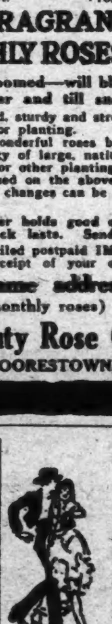

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SHAKESPEARE TO HAVE A NEW MEMORIAL

(Continued from Page 13)

dance. Lecture series and Summer schools in artistry and craftsmanship form part of the celebration; and lately in connection with it the ancient Maytime pageantry of the Cotswolds has been revived.

The cultivation of children's interest in Shakespeare has been an especial aim of those who conduct the festival. One year as many as 700 children came and camped in the meadows that they might attend a repertory arranged in connection with their schools.

One who is cognizant of the difficulties of the present season's festival and is conscious of the lack of proper atmosphere in the cinema theatre may still be bold enough to declare that the fire, tragic as it appears, will prove a "sweet use" of adversity, "which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head." For now the theatre is to be replaced with a structure far better fitted than was the old one to meet London demands. Even respect for the things the old theatre managed to accomplish could not blind one to its inadequacy or turn the point of ridicule from its unlovely form.

Though Bernard Shaw, with unwonted charity, deemed it "by no means unpresentable in its copied way of the architecture of the mid-nineteenth century," most visitors did not hesitate to declare that the garish pile of stone and brick jarred their sensibilities.. Its exterior ugliness, however, was more forgivable than were the shortcomings of its interior. The acoustics were none too good, and the arrangement of pillars and angles in the cramped auditorium obstructed the view of its little stage.

Though no definite plans have yet been announced, it is thought that the new theatre will be a vast improvement in every respect over the old. Some have pleaded for more space to accommodate the throngs (many have had, in the past, to be turned away). But it is not likely that the new theatre will provide for more than 1,000 spectators. Shakespeare, in the opinion of the present Mr. Flower, calls for intimacy as well as breadth. By extending the season rather than the seating space the growing demand for admission will be met.

A Theatre for All Time

Some have expressed the hope that a truly Elizabethan theatre may be built at Stratford—octagonal in shape, with the little embellished stage jutting out over the cockpit, where lowly spectators used to stand, and with a circular balcony, where more genteel folk sat. W. Bridges-Adams, manager of the Memorial Theatre, takes, however, the stand that the new house should not be tied to any particular architectural tradition or limited altogether to the presentation of plays in the Elizabethan manner.

Even in Shakespeare's time, he points out, "The Tempest" was done in the old banqueting room at Whitehall, on a stage full of scenic equipment, with mechanical devices, artificial lighting, an orchestra and corps de ballet. Since there are a hundred possible methods of presentation and since no one has yet discovered the best way of doing Shakespeare, he feels that the road should be clear for future managers to work out their own ideas in a theatre constructed after no particular tradition, but for all time.

Determination of the site is the point that presses most immediately. In spite of the charm of the Avon's bank, the old theatre suffered from too close proximity to the stream. Foundations could not be dug deep enough, because of the fear that the theatre would be flooded. The walls, therefore, had to mount high in the air, resulting in an unsightly back—concealed to some extent, it is true, by friendly neighboring walls. Creepers also did their best to sheath the ugliness. On the same site the new theatre would face greater problems still, since its stage and storage space must be more commodious than was possible in the old structure, to provide for accumulating equipment, varying production styles and the demands of a constantly changing repertory.

The suggestion has been advanced that upon the old foundations a much-needed conference and exhibition hall shall be built, and that the new theatre shall be situated a few hundred yards back from the river, on property already owned by the governors. Excessive height would not then be necessary, since the builder could dig without incurring the risk of the river's visitations.

A road could cut across the lawn, running down to the river's edge; and the building, instead of presenting four sides to view, could be screened on the flanks and behind.

According to the present plan, more than half the fund of $1,125,000 sought will be set aside for endowment purposes. This would obviate the necessity of seeking money to meet deficits or of closing down in bad times. At present an almost entirely new company of actors has to be recruited every year; but with an endowment fund a large troupe could be trained and retained exclusively for Shakespearean performances.

Also, artists of international reputation, worthy of the Stratford ideal, could be engaged for long terms. The dream of Mr. Bridges-Adams is to create at the poet's birthplace the leading centre of Shakespearean culture in the world. His plan is to carry on the festival without interruption from April to September, and between festivals to send out through England, the Dominions and the United States subsidiary companies to help cultivate a general love of the Bard.

THE EPIC OF '76: DARK ANXIETY

(Continued from Page 7)

the wounded were loaded into the boats, the disheartened remnants who could still fight embarked, and Benedict Arnold, last of all, sprang into a scow and left Canadian soil—one step nearer the culmination of his sinister destiny.

The British pursued no further, though they were in St. Johns before the last Americans were out. All day the wretched little army paddled southward and at night made camp on an island in Lake Champlain, "confused beyond description." At St. Johns the British officers, Carleton, Fraser and Burgoyne, not yet dreaming of Saratoga, made merry.

Sullivan, all his high hopes dashed, wrote despairingly of "this wretched army, now perhaps the most pitiful that ever was formed." Of 6,000 men, half were "able to crawl." The sick died uncared for and were buried in trenches. Smallpox, malaria and dysentery raged. Men wept at what they saw and it was said that officers drank themselves into insensibility because they could not endure the sight of so much helpless agony.

It was all over. There would be no "Fourteenth Colony." Doubtful, indeed, it must have seemed, in that grim camp, whether the thirteen Colonies would long escape the British fist.

The force King George was sending was, in fact, formidable enough to frighten the boldest. Fifty-five thousand soldiers in British pay were already in North America, on the high seas or preparing to embark. Among them were 17,300 Hessians and Brunswickers. The British mustered 400 transports and enough men-of-war to protect most of them. They were as well equipped as any British army that had ever put to sea and were acting on a sound and sagacious plan of campaign.

General Howe had left Halifax on June 10, and by June 20 was off the coast of Massachusetts. His brother, Lord Richard Howe, was on the way from England. New York, where General Washington stood on guard with a citizen army of less than 9,000 men, was the destination of this mighty armament.

"Bands of savages hovered on the inland frontier of the Province," wrote the historian Bancroft in describing the situation in New York at the moment; "the army of Canada was flying before disease and want and a vastly superior force; an irresistible force was approaching the harbor of its chief city, and a veteran army, computed by no one at less than 30,000 men, was almost in sight. Little had been done by Congress to reinforce Washington, except to pass votes ordering out large numbers of militia, and none of these were to be engaged beyond December."

A tiny silver lining to the war cloud was discernible, however, in Boston Harbor. Ever since the retirement of the British Army in March, 1776, British men-of-war had been blockading the port. June 13 found a fifty-gun warship and several other armed vessels still off Nantasket.

The citizens of Boston had never submitted very cheerfully to this piece of arrogance, and on June 13 General Benjamin Lincoln undertook to drive the vessels away. He embarked under cover of nightfall, set up a number of cannon on what was known as Long Island, and in the morning opened fire.

"He returned the fire with some spirit," said a contemporary historian, referring to the British Captain, "but, having received a shot through his upper works, he soon got under sail and hastily departed. Thus is the port of Boston again opened by our own authority, after being closed during two years by virtue of an act of the British Parliament."

A few days later two British transports, carrying some regiments of Scottish troops, came trustfully into the harbor, expecting to lie under the guns of the British men-of-war. Their commanders were disagreeably surprised when no friendly vessels appeared. Instead the shore batteries opened fire and the privateers began to swarm out.

The battle lasted for an hour and a half. Several British soldiers and sailors were killed, and the two transports, with 300 soldiers, were captured.

That this episode annoyed the Howe brothers is shown by their correspondence. But it could not have worried them. The loss of two transports and a few hundred men was a flea bite to commanders who had seen one rebel army defeated and driven back and now felt certain that they could wipe out another.

Soon the news would come that Clinton had reduced Georgia and the Carolinas to submission. Carleton and Burgoyne could be counted on to come down from Canada, sweeping all before them. And then farewell to the Virginia Square's hopes of military glory and to the democratic dreams of the rebel Congress at Philadelphia.

So the British commanders might well have reflected. The mathematics—the weight of men and metal—were on their side.

ESKIMO SPEECH

THE Eskimo language is almost the same from Greenland to northeastern Siberia, the occasional differences being that of dialect. Eskimo differs from the whole group of European languages in the sound of the words and especially in the construction. Its most remarkable feature is that a sentence of a European language is expressed in Eskimo by a single word constructed out of certain elements, each of which corresponds in some degree to one of our words.

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RUMANIA RESOUNDS WITH POLITICAL PLOTS

(Continued from Page 1)

rest include, in addition to fruit canneries and apiaries with 400 swarms of bees, large vineyards, where a good quality of wine is made.

The Epoca was suppressed for three days, ostensibly, which was a moderate discipline in view of the indecency of the lampoon; but the paper has not yet reappeared. Two other newspapers were suppressed recently for criticising the selection of a Bratiano handy man to succeed Ionel Bratiano as Premier. Ionel has served four years, which is the constitutional limit of time in Rumania for a Cabinet.

The publication of the Epoca lampoon, the absence of her favorite son, she knew not where, the widespread gossip not only in Europe but in the United States, greatly troubled Queen Marie. That is why she is living in semi-retirement. She may be seen occasionally cantering side-saddle about the countryside, accompanied by an equerry; or driving through the streets of her capital in a limousine, the royal pennant fluttering from the front of the hood. She attends such functions as she must, but her gayety is gone.

Carol was her hope and pride, and she seems by no means certain that Carol will succeed to the throne. Yet she has not broken. At 50, a grandmother, she still might be mistaken for an elder sister of her five children. She still recalls inevitably that first line of Horace's ode: "O mother more beautiful than your beautiful daughters."

Troublesome Reward

While the Queen broods in her monastery-palace outside the city, the little group which rules Rumania faces sterner problems. Before the war, this was the most compact and manageable country in the Balkans. As a reward for casting in its lot with the Allies, it now has doubled its population and has acquired more than twice its former territory. No longer is it homogeneous. Trouble threatens in Bessarabia, a province formerly Russian, but acquired by the Rumanians under a treaty in 1920 with Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan—a treaty which the United States would not sign, on the ground that it could not approve the dismemberment of Russia without the consent of the Russian people.

As a fact, more than half the population of Bessarabia is of Rumanian origin, although the people speak a different language and have a different alphabet; but the peasants are extremely distrustful of the Bucharest régime, and attempts on the life of the King have been made there. The situation is complicated by the recent Russo-German neutrality treaty, which was ill-received by the Rumanians. It was interpreted as giving Russia a free hand in regard to Bessarabia; that is, as removing the possibility of German interference if any hostile move were made.

No overt hostile move is likely to be made by Russia, so I am told. What may happen is this: An apparently spontaneous revolt by the Bessarabian peasants from Rumanian rule, and a demand on their part to be returned to Russia, may be made the basis of Russian entry into the province. It is this that Bucharest fears.

There are plots, too, in Bukovina and the eastern Banat, which are acquisitions since the World War. There is murmuring even in the Dobruja region, which has been in Rumanian possession since the end of the Second Balkan War in 1913. This seems a troubled kingdom. Ferdinand gave out an interview the other day in which he declared that his dynasty was secure and that the reports of unrest, of possible revolt, of Carol's impending return in the guise of another Mussolini, were without foundation. The reports heard in Paris and Budapest, to be sure, were exaggerated, or seemed so after I reached Bucharest; even so, the King's interview was a bit optimistic.

Perhaps this optimism will be justified. How firmly the governmental reins are held was revealed in the elections just completed, which were made necessary by the automatic cessation of the Bratiano Cabinet. The discontent of peasants in outlying provinces had been heightened by the King's choice of Premier Averescu to hold the post until after the elections, and in a democratic country that discontent might have expressed itself emphatically at the polls. Yet, whatever the popular temper, the so-called People's Party came out of the test with more than two-thirds of the votes. A firm hand, certainly! The Cabinet, observers say, has always made its own majority —by intimidation of voters, if necessary.

If Rumania is not yet ready to govern herself under Parliamentary

Prince Carol of Rumania.

forms, severe measures may be justified. It is only fair to say that Ionel Bratiano, the real leader of the governing group, has a reputation for strict integrity and intense patriotism. Even his enemies give him credit for that, although they do not so credit all the members of his party.

Bratiano's policy might be stated as Rumania for the Rumanians. Himself a man of great wealth, he wants his own people to develop the rich resources of their country. He requires that concessionaires seeking to exploit the rich oil and mineral deposits, or to build railways and electric plants, shall surrender 55 per cent. of the stock in their enterprises to Rumanian capital. He imposes other conditions, too, such as capitalists seeking to penetrate "backward" countries are not accustomed to meet.

Whether this policy is wise need not be debated here. It need only be noted. Concessionaires are swarming in Bucharest, capital of the richest country in the Balkans. They are a part of the plot and counter-plot, for this kind of finance is never divorced from international politics. Ionel Bratiano stubbornly insists on his own ideas for reconstituting Rumania, whatever the smooth-tongued emissaries of "export capital" may say, or whatever diplomatic pressure they may bring to bear. He invites foreign capital. He wants it. But he will have it only on his own terms. Concessionaires seldom accept such terms.

Before Bratiano stepped down as Premier, an Opposition newspaper spoke of his régime as a Vlach (gypsy) Government. To a Roman this is a personal insult; but then politics here, as we have seen, is a personal thing. It is not alone the ruling group's policy toward foreign exploitation that provokes such attacks. There are charges that the financial power and natural resources of the country are in the hands of this group and that special favoritism is shown to its members in many ways. Let me give an instance which is authenticated:

Elise, daughter of Prince Stirbey, lost her Rumanian citizenship when she married Edwin Boxhall, an Englishman. Thus she lost her right to inherit certain Rumanian lands. The Council of Ministers made a special ruling by which her Rumanian citizenship was restored to her. So much can be stated with certainty. The charge is made that when others asked for similar action, under similar circumstances, the restoration of citizenship was refused. The belief that favoritism such as this is being shown to a few deepens the discontent of many Rumanians of social consequence. Not all the anti-Government feeling is among the peasants.

The whereabouts of Carol Caraiman is always more or less of a mystery. He manages to make a mystery of his movements much of the time. The former Crown Prince may be the key to the Rumanian situation, and Rumania is the key to the Balkan situation.

Despite all the rumors of a possible coup d'état, despite the deplorable state of the national budget, despite the daily decline of the leu, the unit of currency, Rumania is still the most stable and in some respects the most powerful of the Balkan States. When we remember that Europe always has an uneasy eye for war clouds over the Balkans, and that serious trouble here might mean trouble for the Continent, the romance and intrigue and plotting of this country of sixteen millions seem not so like a comic opera, after all.

Played With Edged Tools

Let us disregard the absurd report that Carol's entanglement in the Hungarian scheme to flood Europe with counterfeit French francs was the cause of his abdication; let us disregard the report that he was accused of conspiring against his father; let us disregard the report that his love affairs had anything to do with it. The fact remains that his abdication is an important political fact not only for Rumania but, by indirection, for Europe.

For an overthrow of the present conservative Rumanian Government might mean an upflare in the Balkans; and then there is Hungary, apparently and officially a friendly neighbor, but in fact jealous and scornful, and not unmindful even now of her invasion of Rumania in the Summer of 1919. Those who play the game of international politics here play with edged tools.

The Rumanians, we may be sure, will play the game to the hilt. They are a proud people, tracing their ancestry—whether rightly or not—to those Roman colonists who under Trajan settled the frontier province of Dacia. They have their own literature, their own songs of the Carpathian foothills and the Danube, their own history, starred with the names of Michael the Brave and Stephen the Great, their own language. Their King is a son of that King Carol whose wife was Carmen Sylva, and their Queen, a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, is endeared to them by her visits in peasant costume to their peasant cottages.

If the populace is silent when the King rides through the streets, and the Queen sits moodily in her Palace Cotroceni, it means merely that the Rumanian people, and the populace here in particular, are startled at the turn affairs have taken, and perhaps disgruntled at the way in which the Government is being administered. They gossip and whisper scandal in the side streets of this alluring city, they dance to gypsy music in the cabarets of an evening, they are proud of being a little more wicked than their neighbors. And intrigues—how they love intrigues!

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"EXPLOITED" CHINA WINKS SAGACIOUSLY

(Continued from Page 3)

pacifieth great offenses." Hence the foreigner usually succumbs.

Suppose, however, that the foreigner be only a visitor, and that like so many of his kind he wishes to take home a few curios for his friends. He goes to a dealer or a fair and picks up an object that catches his eye. Instantly the eye of the passive salesman lights with the fire of hope. "How much?" says the visitor. "Twenty-five dollars," says the Chinese, without blushing, on the well-known principle that "the sky's the limit."

The visitor, if he is inexperienced, will in a wily manner offer him fifteen. The Chinese sadly asks twenty, and the visitor accepts, thinking he is a smart bargainer. If, on the other hand, the visitor has had more experience, he will, to a demand for twenty-five dollars, reply with an offer of two and a half. The dealer will lapse into insulted silence or into protesting volubility. The visitor will then move on, perhaps passing the stall once more. Then, just as he is about to disappear, he will be overtaken by the dealer with a cheerful "All light, master, two'n'-half dollar."

Had the visitor been a Chinese he would have obtained this same object for twenty-five cents. But then, these foreign barbarians are reckless with money and a poor Chinaman must live, after all, and must support his family.

Even in the matter of transportation the foreigner cannot escape. Suppose he is in haste to cover a short distance in Peking. He takes a rickshaw, and at the end of his ride pays the man ten cents. He is likely to find that a Chinaman, with a mountain of bundles, has ridden the same distance in another rickshaw and has given his rickshaw man a few coppers—say one and a half cents total value.

Suppose, again, that the visitor is newly arrived in Peking and unaccustomed to rickshaws, and as the coolie has taken him fast and the day is hot, the visitor wishes to show his appreciation by giving the man 5 cents extra. Will he meet with thanks? On the contrary, he will be lucky if he escapes without a demand for 50 cents instead of 15 with which he has overpaid the man. In the eyes of the coolie the foreigner is a fool from whom very probably more money can be easily extorted. Not to make the attempt is to let slip a golden opportunity—and golden opportunities are not allowed to pass by any Chinaman.

Although no figures are available as to the complete tolls which the Chinese levy on Americans and American business, it is commonly said that for every cent of net profit that the American merchant makes in China, his Chinese distributers make at least 2 cents. In some cases they undoubtedly make more.

Profits Equal Missions

In the last three years America has sold to China an annual average of about $110,000,000 worth of goods. Assuming the actual profit to the American merchant to be 10 per cent., this would mean $11,000,000 a year for America's business men—a sum just about equal to that which is yearly spent for American missionary and educational efforts in China. It has been estimated that American tourists spend about another million dollars a year in China. Speaking broadly, therefore, the United States is pouring more money into China than the profits which she is making out of her sales to that country.

Nor is this the whole story. Time was when the Chinese merchant's word was as good as his bond. Too much contact with Western shysterism, however, has made the Chinese adept at interpreting contracts in such a manner as to place the loss on the foreigner. They have shown also that they are more than a match for the foreigner in the art of obtaining credits without making due compensation. China is in default today on no less than $10,500,000 worth of loans made to the Government by American banks, and for about $18,000,000 worth of railway equipment furnished by American concerns. It would be unfair to assume that these obligations will not be met ultimately. But the fact remains that they are already long in default and there is no prospect of their being paid for a long time to come.

If an accurate list could be made of those American business houses which started to trade with China during the last ten years and have since withdrawn, it would tell an interesting story. It is said that in Shanghai alone more than three hundred American concerns have given up during this decade after brief and unsuccessful careers.

In many cases, undoubtedly, the reason has been inexperience on the part of the home office. But the fact remains that in the process they spent much money, almost all of which went into the pockets of the thrifty Chinese. In many other cases, however, the reason has been that the American enterprises were systematically "milked" by the Chinese and could not stand up under it.

The business tenacity of the Chinese is not a thing to be easily overcome. If there is exploitation of the poor, downtrodden Orientals it is by their own countrymen and not by the foreigner, for the simple reason that in nine cases out of ten the foreigner is no match for his Chinese competitors or associates.

Foreigners, it must not be forgotten, are still "barbarian" in the eyes of most Chinese. Americans may dislike to be so considered, but in so far as "barbarianism" implies a certain degree of unsophistication and of inexperience in worldly ways, a good many Americans will have to plead guilty to the charge and will have to admit that they have paid expensively for the discovery that in these respects they are decidedly backward compared to the Chinese.

Some day the few American concerns that have for years been successful in China should erect a tablet bearing the inscription:

"To the memory of those Americans who went into bankruptcy so that Chinese business might prosper."

DOOD WRANGLERS' ROUND-UP OPENS

(Continued from Page 2)

farmer into the country. In fact, the pioneer came West in spite of what might be called pretty bad publicity—what with warpath Indians, the cattle war in New Mexico and such.

"I may be old-fashion' and narrow-minded to a degree. But I do not crave this counterfeit civilization of modern times. When I ride for a day down some trail just to see if the sun sets like it use' to—all red and gilt like and solemn—on the peaks of Tres Hermanas, I am not enthusiastic to find a gas station, a stand selling genuine Coney Island hot dogs, and a tourists' camp about as sanitary and decent as a camp of Siwashes.

"Which you will think, my friend, that I am talking just for the exercise. But not so. I am right foxy and logical that way. I am circumventing around back to these dood ranchers, on which you will spill your outraged feelins'.

"As near as I can figure, these dood ranchers are the only hombres interested in having the West something like the West—and not a bogus facsimile of something back in New Jersey or Indiana. I can't get sore whatsoever about any outfit which boasts about the days of my youth instead of trying to hide them behind a lot of talk about culture and the plans for a civic stadium.

"When I was a youngster I yearned a heap for the open country, although I couldn't rightly have told you what was the matter with me. I thought it was just being restless and curiosity. Maybe, on the side, I cherished ambitions to be a cattle king or a stage robber or something else romantic and high-minded.

"Today there's folks who feel the same way about it as I did. Well, the mountains and the trees and the running water are still here, although selfish grazing, lumbering and the power companies are doing what they can to make 'em otherwise. The great, open spaces are still great. And they're open enough, no matter what some of these flip gents say which would be lost and starved to death if turned loose overnight in said spaces.

"That's all like it use' to be when I was a yearlin'. And these Eastern doods can get in a two weeks' vacation what it took some of us a lifetime to get. They can learn to ride a hoss to some extent; they can see how the buckaroos gentle wild ones; and how cattle use' to be handled. They can get a taste of pack traveling and what flapjacks taste like mixed with ashes from the campfire. They can even see a Injun annoying a buffalo.

"Which is why, like I say, I rare up to cheer for these dood wranglers. They make dreams come true, son, in a world where the onward march of science has learned men to keep their dreams a secret or some psychoanalogist will prove that he's a burglar at heart and fixing to murder his next of kin.

"The West the dood rancher serves his customers is the West like it was meant to be—and not the bady copy of a Ohio metropolis. And I endorse him a heap. Yes, sir."

Maverick Todd pulled his blankets toward him.

"Which this lecture," he said, "will have to do for your regular bed-time story, although I was aiming to tell you a lovely one about the Mountain Meadow massacre."

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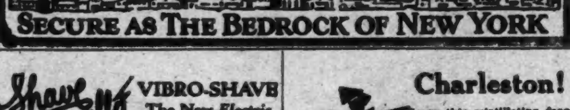

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OUR son David likes to bring his school friends home to luncheon and we like to have them—when they are the right kind. Unfortunately most of those he has invited I could not ask a second time. Their manners—terrible, their language ungrammatical, their influence everything bad.

At last I ventured to suggest that he ask the boy next door, whom I had noticed from my window and who, for some unexplainable reason, seemed a different type from those our son had brought home.

"But," objected David, "he doesn't go to our school and I don't know him."

As the family were newcomers in the neighborhood, I suggested to my husband that we call, having the boy, rather than his parents, in my mind.

And so that very evening we did so. We found them charming people and they needed no urging to talk about their son. He was called in to meet us and he did so without embarrassment, and, thoroughly at ease, joined in the conversation as if he were nineteen instead of nine years of age. As he talked I marveled at his familiarity with Leonardo da Vinci, whose picture of Mona Lisa hung on the wall.

"Isn't it odd," he naively remarked, "that da Vinci's women are almost always smiling?"

His apparent knowledge of botany and zoology shown by his casual remarks, his intimate acquaintance with Aristotle, Charlemagne and the Crusaders astonished me. What manner of child was this?

"Where does your boy go to school?" I blurted out, no longer able to contain my curiosity.

"He doesn't *go* to school," they replied, "the school *comes* to him," and then smiling at my evident incredulity, they explained:

"He is a 'Calvert' boy—taught at home by Calvert School in Baltimore, by its long distance system of home instruction. He has been a 'Calvert' boy for four years. Come to his schoolroom and let him show you how it is done."

We climbed the stairs to a little room set aside for study—a map of the world on the wall, a chair of correct height at a special desk—and a bookcase of Calvert books, brightly colored, fascinatingly illustrated, packed with so much interesting information that I wanted to sit right down then and there and read through them all. And then the bound volumes of his own previous years' work—thick tomes with self-illustrated covers, compositions on bees, milkweed seeds, trees, sponges, clouds, railroads, polar explorations, famous sculpture, buildings—veritable magazines of fascinating stories of geography, science, history, art and life—all written and composed by himself.

"Your boy has learned all this from Calvert!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, and much more that does not show on paper," the father replied.

I was envious and even jealous of what their son had acquired. By contrast—what our boy had learned was almost nothing. He could read—but not any too well—and he spelled abominably, figured inaccurately, wrote slovenly, knew 1492 in history and that was about all as the result of four years of school! Wasted time—precious years lost!

"But don't you find the lessons hard to give?" I asked, trying to find some objection to such a method of instruction.

"No, indeed," the mother answered. "I love them and they take no more time than you probably give your son now just hearing his lessons. They are a joy to teach, for they bring new interests into my life also, and I have learned almost as much as he has. Each year's work is definite and thorough, with tests and examinations, and a certificate is given on the completion of each grade."

"How did you happen to start him this way? What is Calvert School and who is back of it?" I asked in a rapid fire of questions.

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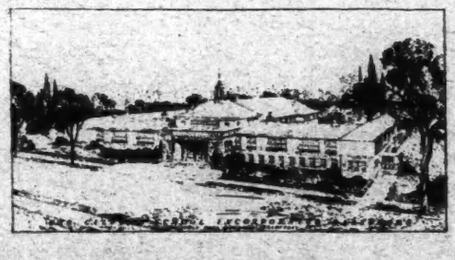

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